

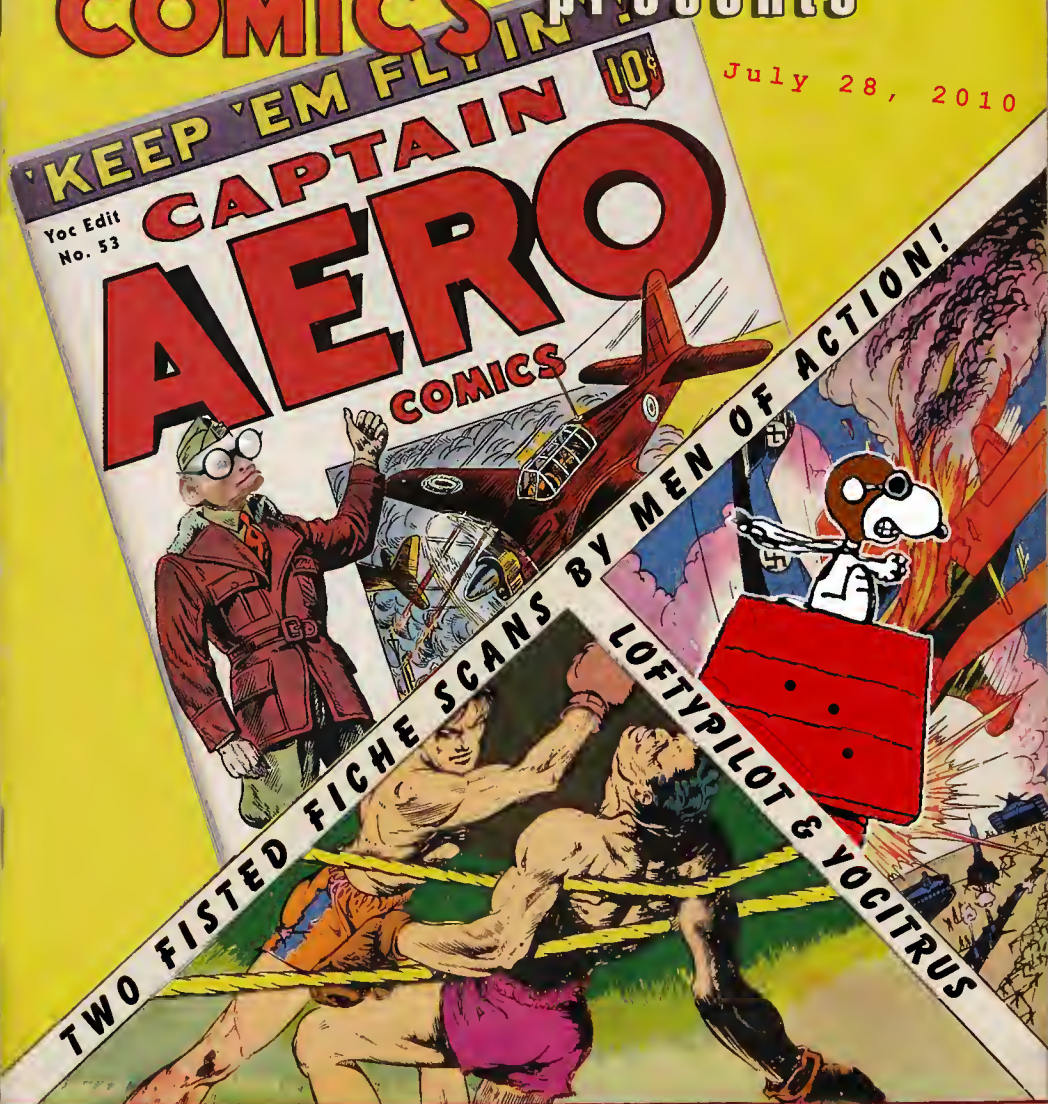
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COMICS presents

July 28, 2010



Capt. Aero Comics #2

February 1942 - 68pg





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'KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!

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No. 53

CAPTAIN



# AERO

COMICS



**'KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!**

**NO. 2  
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**CAPTAIN**



# AERO

**COMICS**





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WATCH FOR EVERY ISSUE

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FULL DETAILS AND ENTRY BLANK IN  
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BE AIRMINDED! JOIN THE  
**SKY SCOUTS**

ORGANIZE YOUR OWN LOCAL  
PATROL! COMPLETE INFORMATION  
NEXT MONTH! WATCH FOR IT!

VOL. 1—No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1947

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KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!

# AERO

CAPTAIN

AT MIDNIGHT—END  
RAIN BELTS DOWN  
SKIES OVERCAST—  
MOTORS ROAR AND  
SPIT—THEN ROAR  
AGAIN—BOMBERS  
FOR BRITAIN WITH  
LEADING ZERO—  
DEATH AND DANGER  
ON EVERY SIDE—  
THUMBS UP—THEY  
MUST GET THROUGH—  
THEY'RE OFF—THE  
MEN WHO FLY—  
TRAIL BUCKERS OF  
THE LAST FRONTIER!

BY  
ALLEN LAMER  
CHARLES M.  
QUINLAN







FAR ABOVE NEW YORK... LOW  
 THE SKYSCRAPERS A VAST  
 ARMY OF FLYING FORTS...  
 IN 10 MINUTES THE  
 AMERICAN AIRPOWER  
 BRITAIN'S TOO ALL...  
 ALL

WITHOUT WARNING AN EERIE  
 BLUE LIGHT KNIFES THROUGH  
 THE SKY AND ENVELOPES  
 THE BOMBER FLEET...

INSIDE THE GIANT PLANES, STARTLED  
 PILOTS CLUTCH AT THEIR THROATS  
 IN AGONIZED DISMAY...



THE BLUE BEAM GROWS  
 BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER  
 SECTIONS OF THE  
 PLANES MELT AWAY...



...SPLASHING!! THERE IS A  
 BLINDING FLASH...



THE BEAM CUTS DEEPER  
 AND DEEPER...



THE BEAM CUTS DEEPER  
 AND DEEPER...

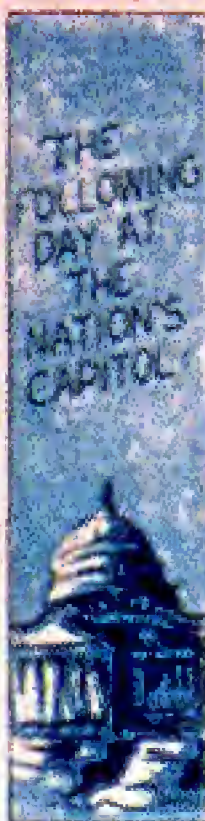


THE BEAM CUTS DEEPER  
 AND DEEPER...

METAL THAT ONLY A FEW  
 SECONDS BEFORE WERE  
 GIANT FLYING BOMBERS  
 BUILT TO BE ALMOST INVUL-  
 NERABLE IN MODERN WARFARE...







THE  
FOLLOWING  
DAY AT  
THE  
NATION'S  
CAPITOL

...AND HERE'S THE  
REPORT, SIR--TWENTY  
BOMBERS ON THEIR WAY  
TO ENGLAND DISINT-  
TEGRATED OVER NEW  
YORK CITY--CAUSE  
NOT YET KNOWN!

CAUSE NOT YET  
KNOWN! THAT'S  
WHAT THEY SAID  
ON THE LAST  
REPORT--FORTY  
THREE PLANE'S HAVE  
BEEN DOWNED BUT  
HOW? WHAT IS BEHIND  
THIS INCREDIBLE MENACE!

WE MUST FIND OUT CAPTAIN,  
WE MUST!



ADMINISTRATIONS HAVE ALREADY  
BEEN MADE, SIR! I ASSIGNED  
A MAN WHOSE AVIATION BACK-  
GROUND SAYS HIM AMONG  
THE BEST--IN MY JUDGMENT  
HE IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO  
CAN CRACK THIS CASE!

WELL, WHO IS HE CAPTAIN?  
IF HE'S HERE, SHOW  
HIM IN--WE MUST  
GET STARTED  
IMMEDIATELY!



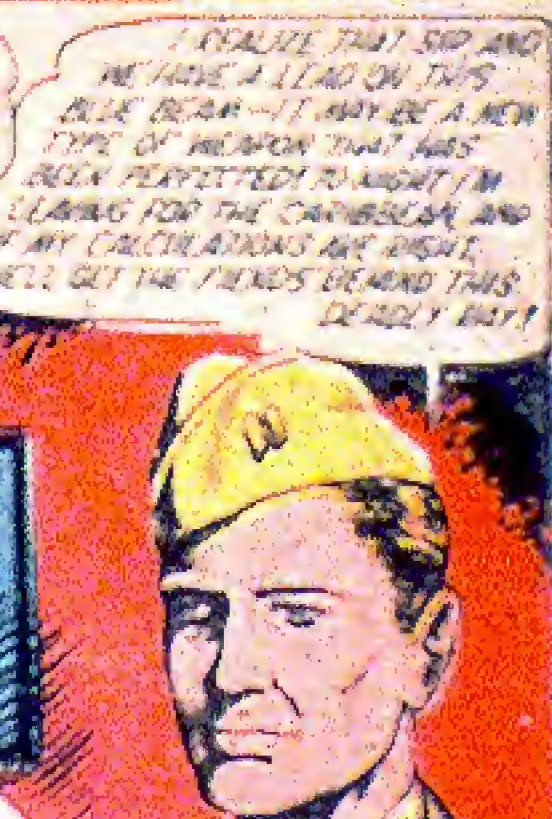
SHOW AGENT  
X-3 IN PLEASE!



SIR, I WANT YOU TO MEET SECRET  
AGENT X-3--BETTER KNOWN THE  
WORLD OVER AS CAPTAIN AERO! A  
FAMOUS PILOT WHO IS HELPING AMERICA  
FERRY BOMBERS TO ENGLAND!



I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT  
YOU ALSO--THE CAPTAIN HAS PROVED  
A WORTHY MAN! YOU ARE FAMILIAR  
OF COURSE WITH THE TRAGIC EVENTS  
THAT HAVE OCCURRED--BRITAIN  
NEEDS OUR HELP NOW AND  
NOTHING MUST  
STOP US!



I REALIZE THAT SIR AND  
WE HAVE A LEAD ON THIS  
BLUE BEAR--IT MAY BE A NEW  
TYPE OF WEAPON THAT HAS  
BEEN PERPETRATED TO NIGHT I'M  
CLAWING FOR THE CARIBBEAN AND  
IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT,  
WE'LL GET THE FURIOUS BEAST THIS  
DEADLY DAY!



I HOPE SO AERO! THE  
GOVERNMENT WILL  
CO-OPERATE IN ANY  
WAY NEEDED--GOOD  
LUCK CAPTAIN YOU  
KNOW WHAT THIS  
MEANS TO US!

THANK YOU,  
SIR, I'LL DO  
MY BEST!

THE KING HAS BEEN  
ASSURED CAPTAIN AERO HAS  
THE BEST OF US GOING TO  
THE FRONT





SEVERAL HOURS LATER:

ALL RIGHT BOB! THE ISLAND IS JUST AHEAD—I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!

OKAY CAPT! SHE'S YOUR BUZZARD!



SUDDENLY, THE DREAD BLUE RAY CUTS ACROSS THE SKY—DIRECTLY IN THEIR PATH—



THE BLUE BEAM! QUICK, HIT THE SILK!



AS THE BLUE RAY DIVES DOWN, THE TWO AWESOME LADS



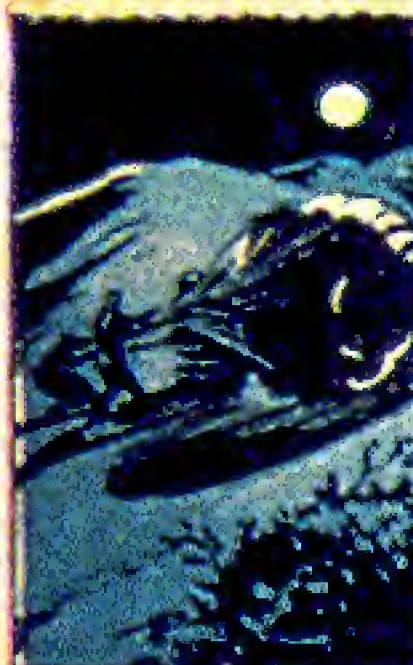
AND PLUNGE INTO THE DARKNESS—



THE DREAD BLUE RAY PLANE ENTERS THE BEAM & IS GONE IN A FEW SECONDS—



BY CAREFUL MANEUVERING, THEY LAND THEIR CHUTES ON A NEARBY ISLAND—



WHEN THAT WAS CLOSE!

YEAH, BUT—I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THINGS! HADLEY IS OPERATING THAT DEATH RAY IS SOMEWHERE NEAR THIS ISLAND!



YOU ARE RIGHT, KAPTAN, AND IT SHALL BE YOUR ADVENTURE TO MEET THAT PERSON—THIS RAY—AND MAKE NO TROUBLE!

WHA--!





SO I WAS RIGHT! THE RAY IS  
OPERATED FROM THIS ISLAND!  
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH  
IT, BY JUPITER! I CAME HERE  
TO DESTROY THAT BLUE LIGHT,  
AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL  
I DO!



JA HOHE, CAPTAIN, BUT I DON'T  
THINK YOU ARE IN THE POSITION TO  
MAKE THREATS--YOU SEE THIS  
ISLAND IS CAREFULLY GUARDED--IN  
FACT NO ONE CAN GET ON OR OFF  
WITHOUT FIRST GOING THRU THE BLUE  
LIGHT THAT  
SURROUNDS  
IT!



YOU NAZIS HAVE DONE  
ENOUGH DAMAGE! IT'S  
TIME THE TABLES WERE  
TURNED!



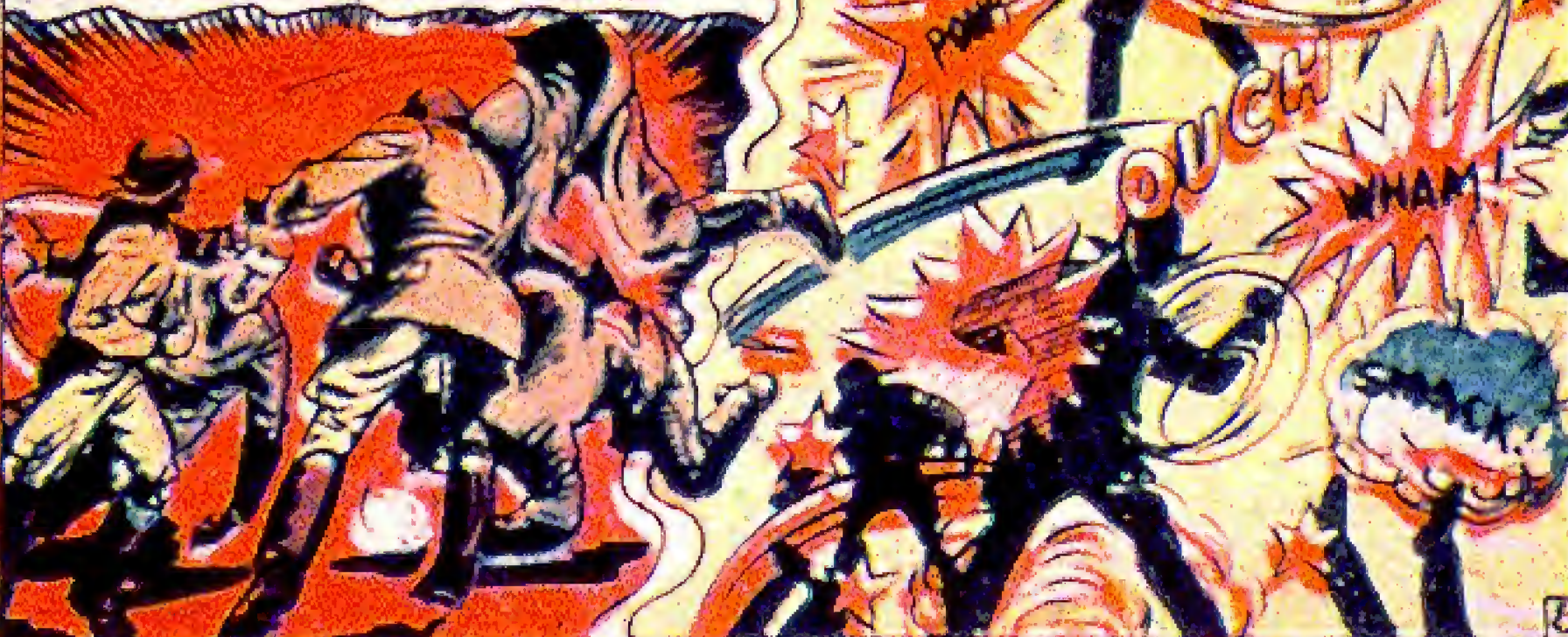
LOOK, OAF, HERE COMES  
THE WHOLE  
OUTFIT!



WE KILL DOSE  
YANKEE SCHWEIN!



AND FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, NAZIS LEAP AT THE  
INTREPID CHAMPIONS OF DEMOCRACY...





BUT CAPTAIN AERO'S SMASHING BLOWS  
WREAK HAVOC ON THE ENEMY SOLDIERS!



COME ON LOOPS WE'VE  
GOTTA FIND THE LEAD-  
ER OF THIS OUTFIT,  
IN A HURRY!

I'M RIGHT WITH  
YA CAP!



SUDDENLY THE BLUE RAY  
FLASHES DIRECTLY ACROSS  
THEIR PATH!



WE'RE  
TRAPPED!



RIGHT CAPTAIN! NOW IF  
YOU WILL WALK TOWARDS  
THE BARRACKS WITHOUT  
MAKING TROUBLE YOU WILL  
BE SPARED  
A HORRIBLE  
DEATH!



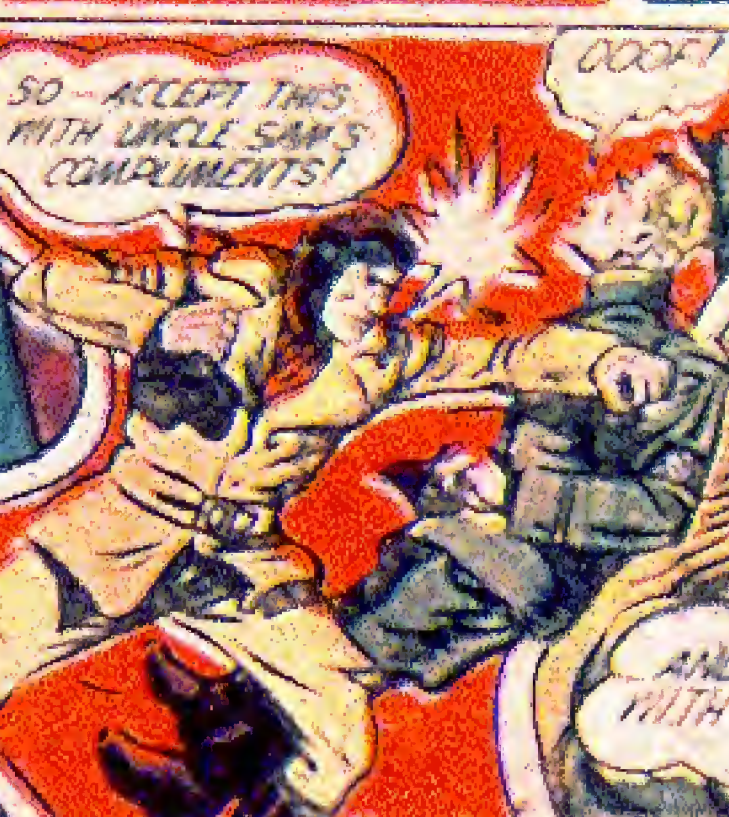
ALLRIGHT BUT NOW THAT  
WE'RE PRISONERS MAY I  
ASK WHAT YOU INTEND  
DOING WITH US!?



THAT MY YANKEE FRIENDS,  
THE BLUE FALCON  
SHALL DECIDE!









MEANWHILE THE BLUE FALCON  
TAKES OFF FROM THE ISLAND  
ON HER MISSION OF DESTRUCTION.



HURRY! ... WE'VE  
GOT TO STOP HER FROM  
GETTING AT THOSE  
BOMBERS!



HOLD IT! THERE'S  
A PLANE!

YEAH, BUT THE  
GUARD MAY NOT  
WANT US TO  
TAKE IT!

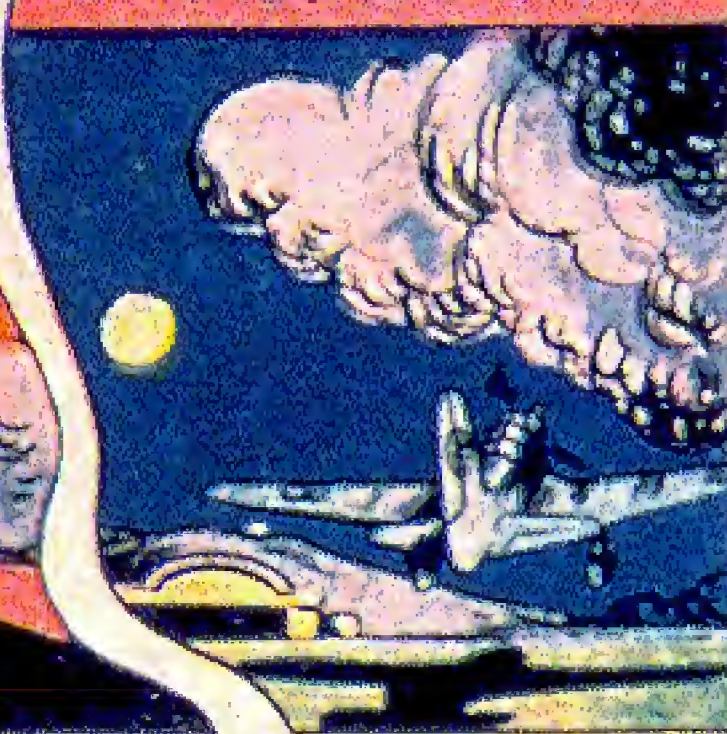
HALT!



SORRY CHUM, I'VE  
GOT A PLANE  
TO CATCH!



QUICKLY CLIMBING INTO THE COCK-  
PIT, THEY FLASH DOWN THE RUNWAY.



HE SAID THIS ISLAND  
IS GUARDED BY THE  
BLUE BEAM-HUH, WE  
HAVE ABOUT ONE  
CHANCE IN A THOUSAND  
OF GETTING OUT IN  
ONE PIECE!



AS AERO CLIMBS INTO  
THE CLOUDS, THE BLUE  
BEAM SWEEPS UP  
AFTER THE ESCAPING  
PAIR!



AND IMMEDIATELY A  
SQUADRON OF NAZI PLANES  
TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT!

STOPPING FOR A MOMENT  
TO RECHARGE THE  
POWER PLANT, THE  
BLUE BEAM SWEEPS  
UP AFTER THE ESCAPING  
PAIR!



AND IN A SCREAMING POWER DIVE  
HURTLES EARTHWARD!





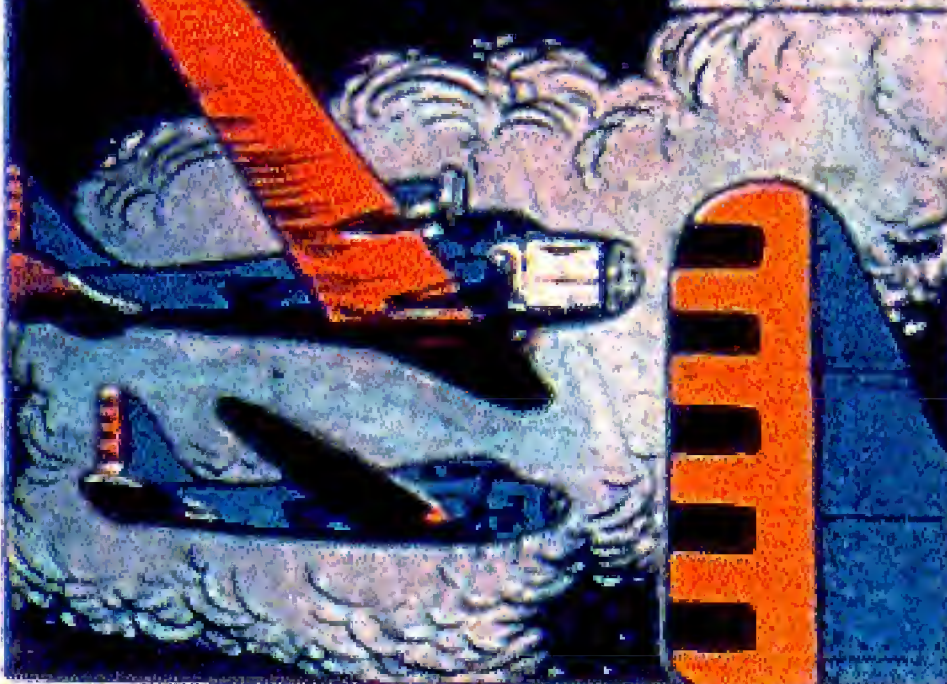
WITH HIS LANDING GEAR BRUSHING THE TREE TOPS, HE STREAMS OUT OF RANGE OF THE DEADLY RAY.



HEARST, HE LOOKS UP AT HIS AND HE BANGS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.



MEANWHILE MILES AWAY ANOTHER MIGHTY ARMADA OF FLYING FORTRESSES LEAVE AMERICA BOUND FOR ENGLAND...



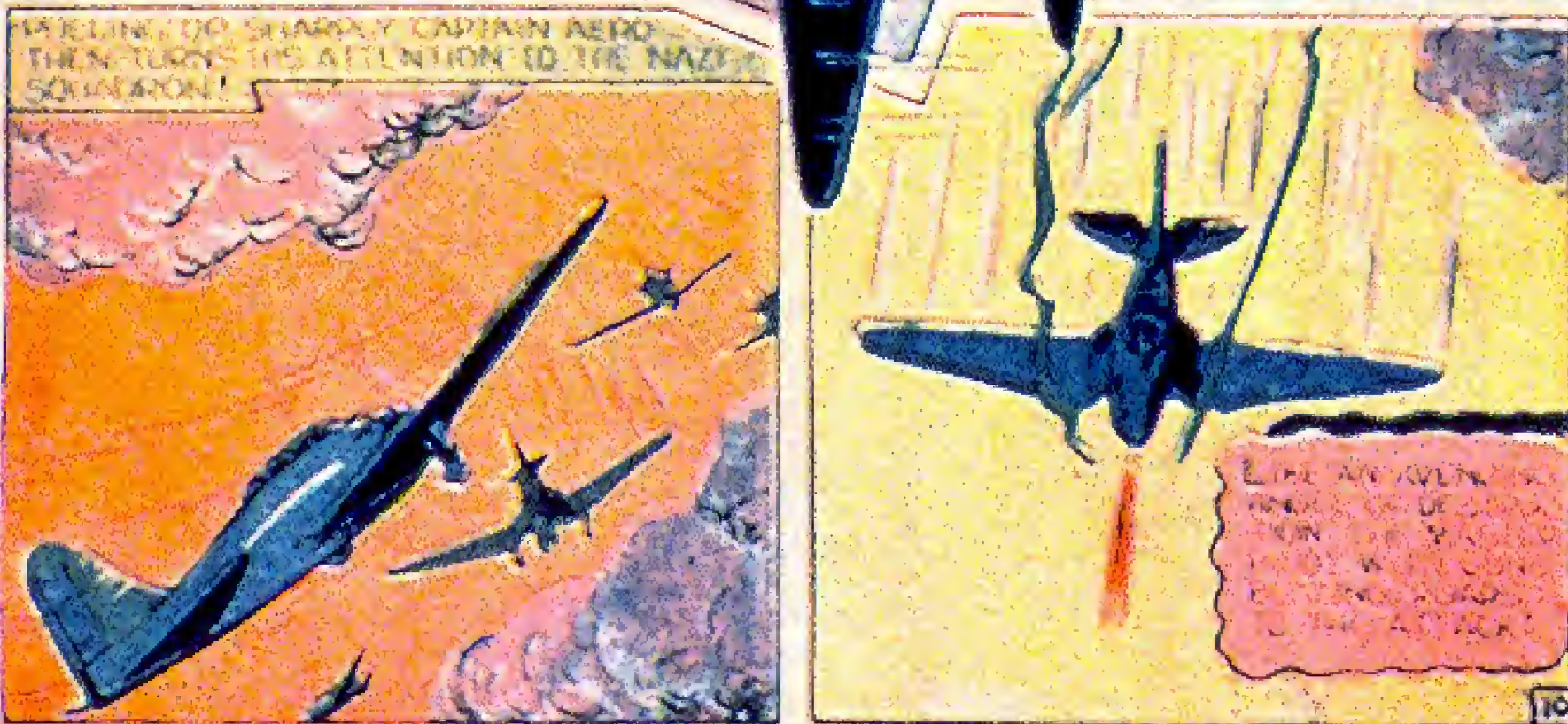
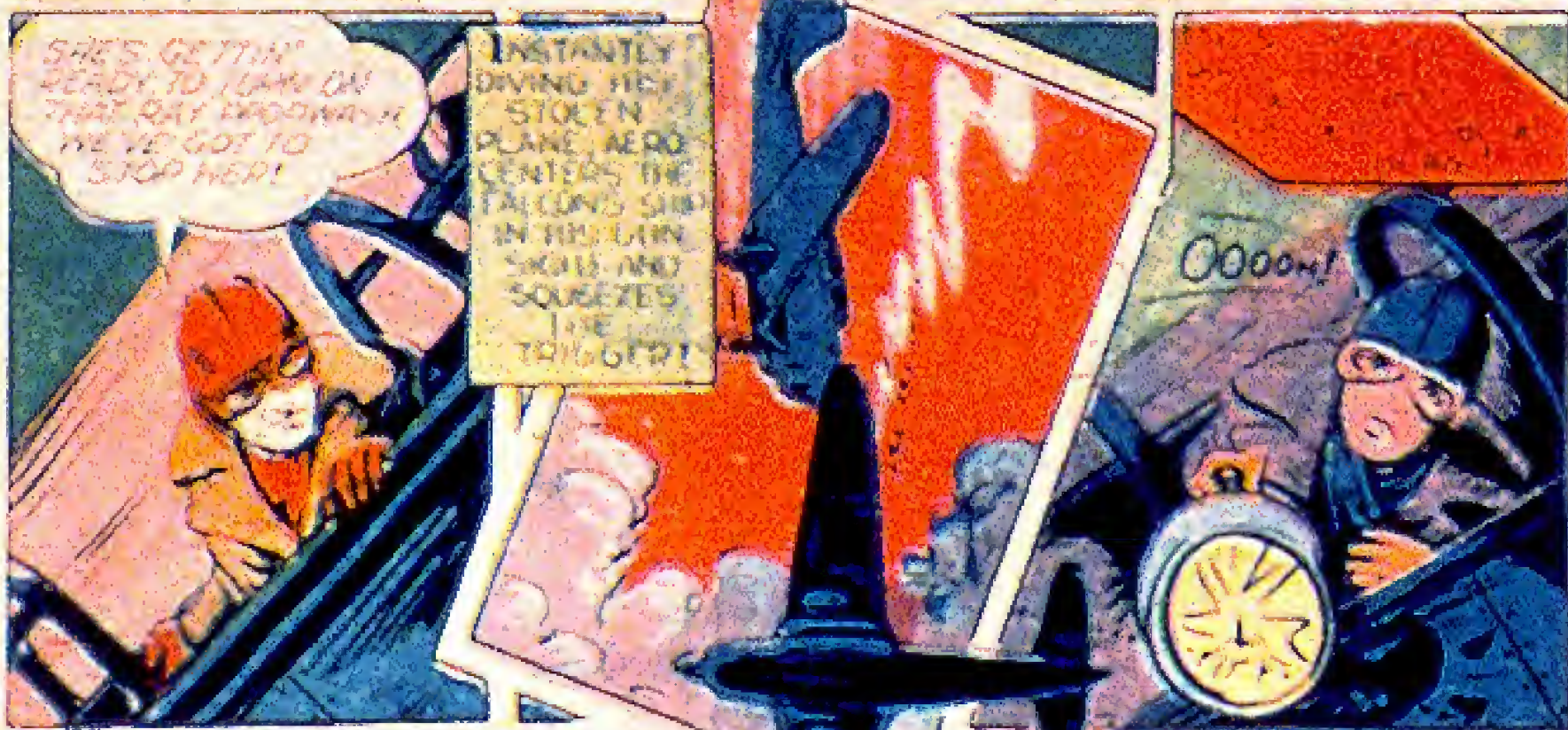
HOURS LATER FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC A LONG LINE SUDDENLy DIVES DOWN AMONG THE BOMBERS.



AN INSTANT LATER ANOTHER PLANE BREAKS THROUGH THE CLOUDS BEHIND IT!



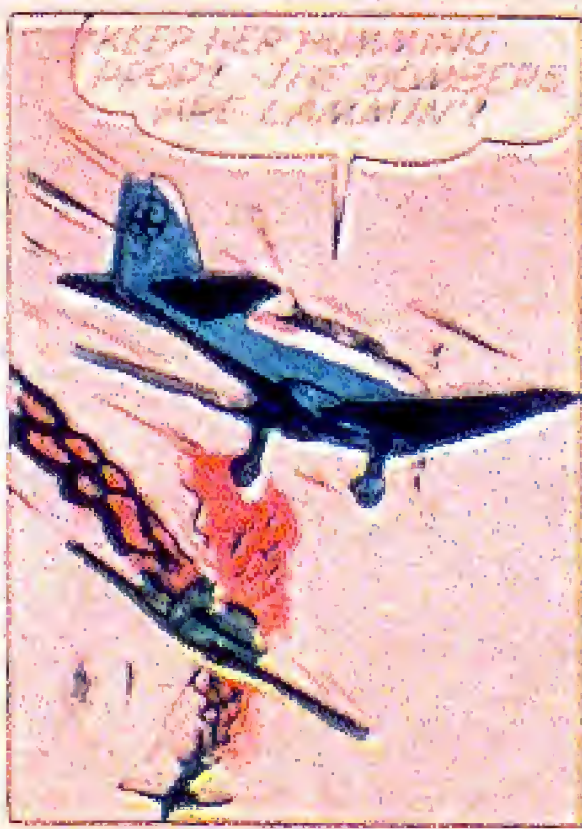








A  
WAY TO  
WIN  
AT  
ALL



KEEP HER WINNING  
PEOPLE THE DOWNERS  
ARE LARMIN!



USING EVERY POSSIBLE TRICK  
THE NAT PILOTS STRIVE DESPER-  
ATELY TO DOWN THE DARTING  
AND DODGING AERO!



SHOOT HIM DOWN YOU  
FOOLSI - HE'S ONLY  
ONE AGAINST MANY!  
UHH, BUT WHAT A ONE!



BOTTLE HIM UP  
QUICK! HE'S  
GETTING AWAY!

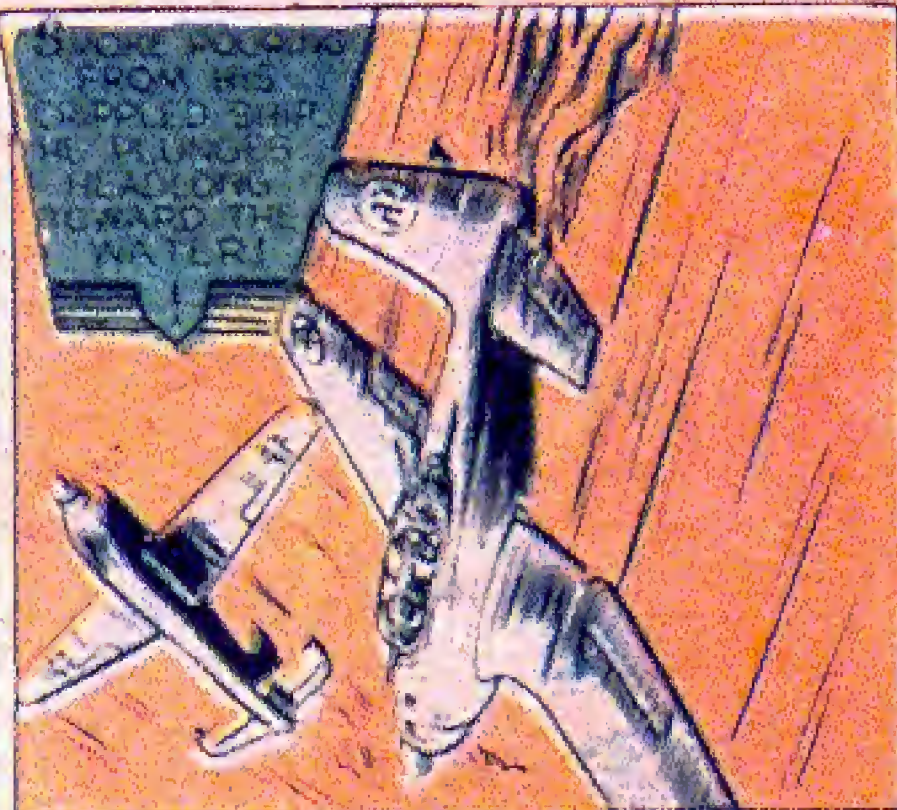
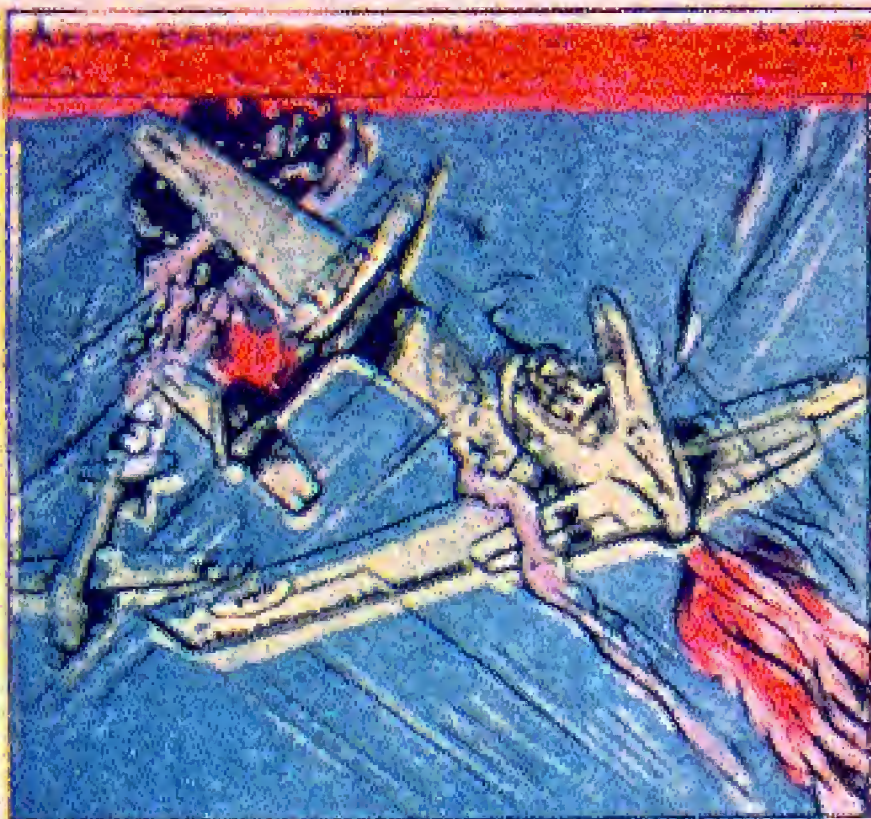


'ON ON' THEY'RE  
GRABING UP - STEADY  
PROWASH - HERE  
COMES THE GRAND  
FINALE!



NOW YANKEE  
WE SHALL SEE  
WHO RULES  
THE SKIES!





SHOCK WOLONG  
FROM HIS  
SHOULDER SHOT  
HE PLUNGES  
HEADLONG  
TOWARD THE  
WATER!

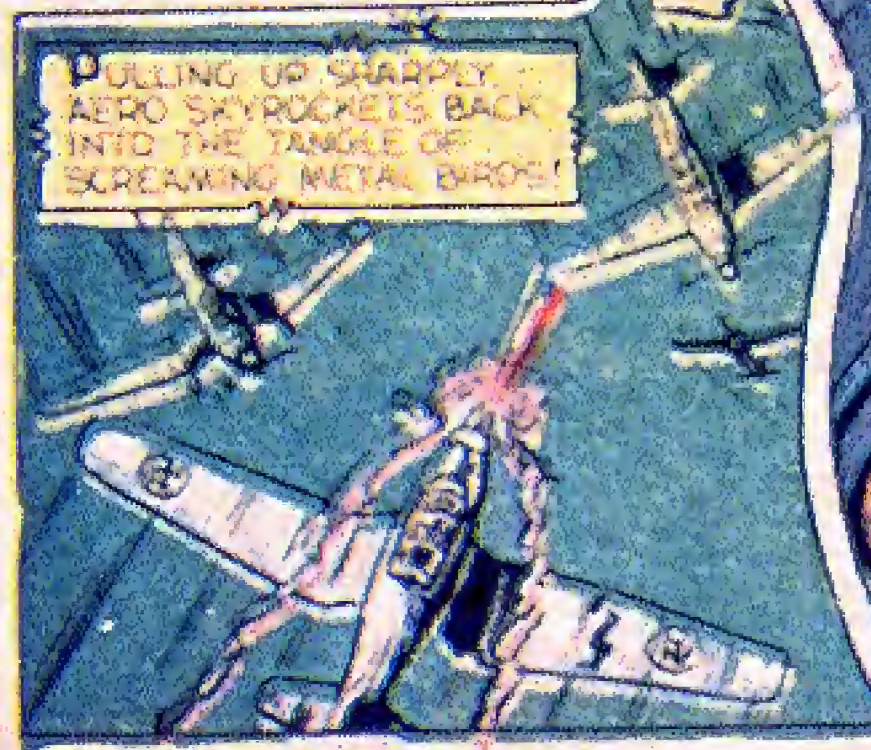
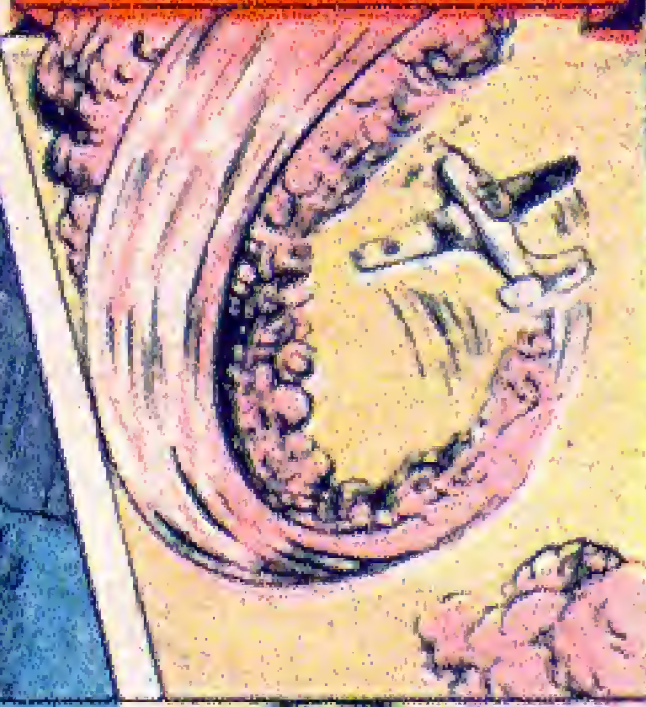
DOWN—DOWN—STRAKE  
THE STRICKEN PLANE  
THREE—FOUR HUNDRED  
MILES PER HOUR!

DESPERATELY, AERO  
STRUGGLES WITH THE  
FOULED CONTROLS!

THEN A MIRACLE HAPPENS  
THE DAMAGED PLANE  
CHANGES!



GIVE A LITTLE  
BABY—CAON  
GIVE!

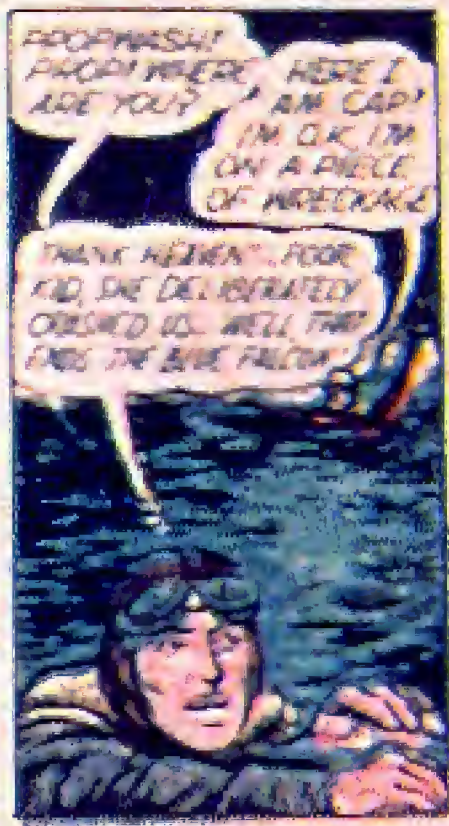
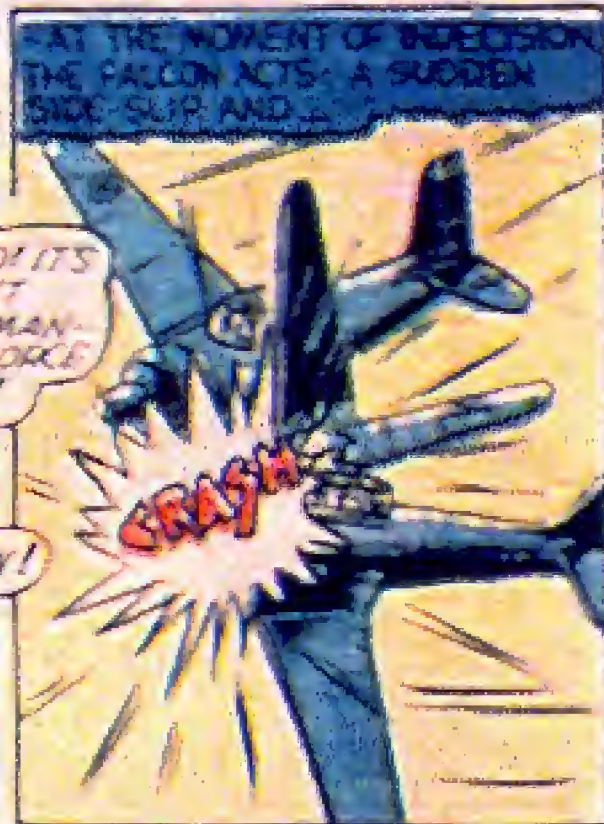


PULLING UP SHARPLY  
AERO SKYROCKETS BACK  
INTO THE TANGLE OF  
SCREAMING METAL BIRDS!



HANG ON PROO.  
WASH—HERE WE  
GO AGAIN!





THE TWO SHIPS ARE  
TAKEN BY SURPRISE  
AS AERD FIRES A  
FLAMING METEOR  
DOWN AMONG  
THEM

PUTTING EVERY DEGREE OF HIS ANGLE  
INTO THE ATTACK PLANE AFTER PLANE  
WITH WITHERING FIRE TIL BUT ONE REMAINS

AND THAT ONE IS THE SHIP  
OF -- THE BLUE FALCON!

WHAT A FLYER! HE BEAT THEM  
WITH A CRIPPLED SHIP! THE  
MAN IS SUPREME -- OH OH  
HE'S COMING AFTER ME  
NOW! SORRY CAPTAIN BUT  
IF I GO CAPTAIN YOU GO  
WITH ME AUF WEIDERSEN!

AS AERD DIVES INTO POSITION  
ON THE TAIL OF THE ENEMY  
HE RECOGNIZES THE PILOT!

AT THE MOMENT OF DECISION  
THE FALCON ACTS -- A SUDDEN  
SIDE-SLIP AND...

GOOD LORD! IT'S  
HERE! I CAN'T  
SHOOT A WOMAN --  
I CAN'T -- I'LL FORCE  
HER DOWN!

NOW!

CRASH

LOCKED TOGETHER IN AN  
EMBRACE OF DEATH -- THE  
TWO SHIPS HURTLE DOWN  
TO A WATERY GRAVE IN THE  
INKY SEA BEDDOW

POOPWASH! POOP WHERE  
ARE YOU? HERE I  
AM CAPT!  
I'M OK, I'M  
ON A PIECE  
OF WRECKAGE

THANK HEAVEN! POOR  
KID, SHE DELIBERATELY  
CRASHED US. WELL, THAT  
ENDS THE BLUE FALCON!

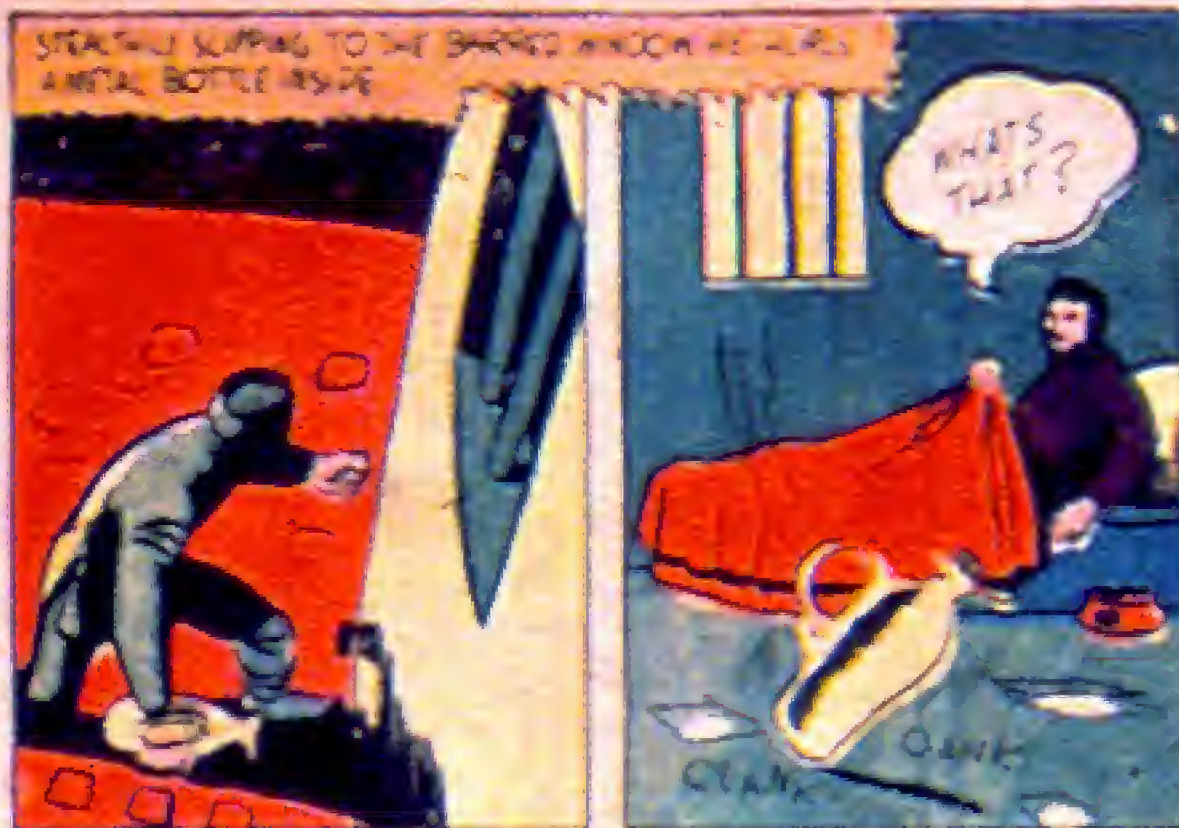
BUT WHAT IS  
THAT DARK  
SPOT BOBBING  
ALONG TOWARD  
THE ISLAND?

CAN IT BE  
THAT THE  
BLUE FALCON  
TOO ESCAPED  
THE CRASH --  
DON'T MISS THE  
NEXT GREAT  
CAPTAIN AERD  
COMES

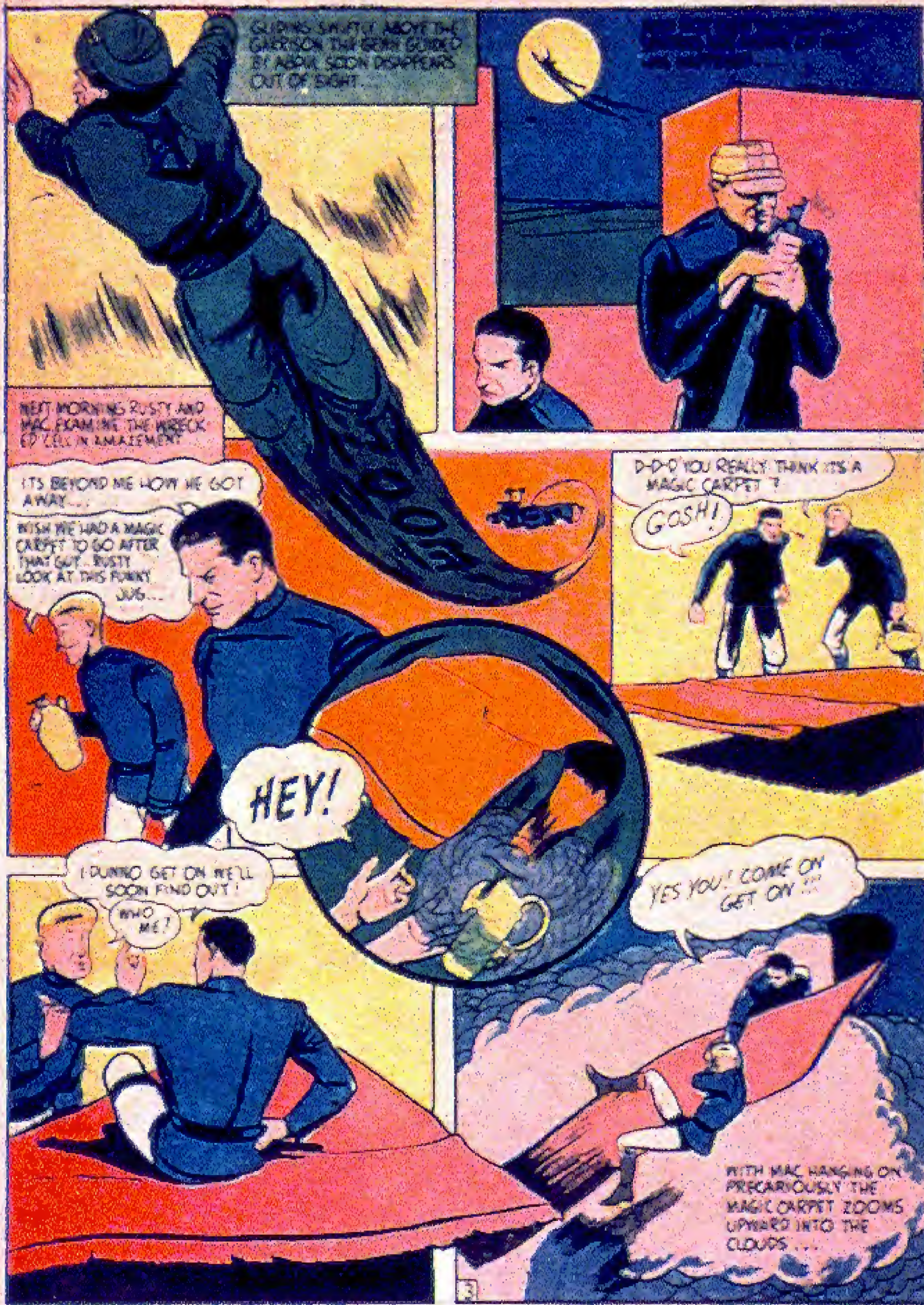












GLIDING SWIFTLY ABOVE THE GARRISON THE BEING GUIDED BY ABRAHAM SOON DISAPPEARS OUT OF SIGHT.

NEXT MORNING RUSTY AND MAC EXAMINE THE WRECKED CELL IN AMAZEMENT.

IT'S BEYOND ME HOW HE GOT AWAY...

WISH WE HAD A MAGIC CARPET TO GO AFTER THAT GUY... RUSTY LOOK AT THIS FUNNY JUG...

HEY!

I DUNNO GET ON WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

WHO ME?

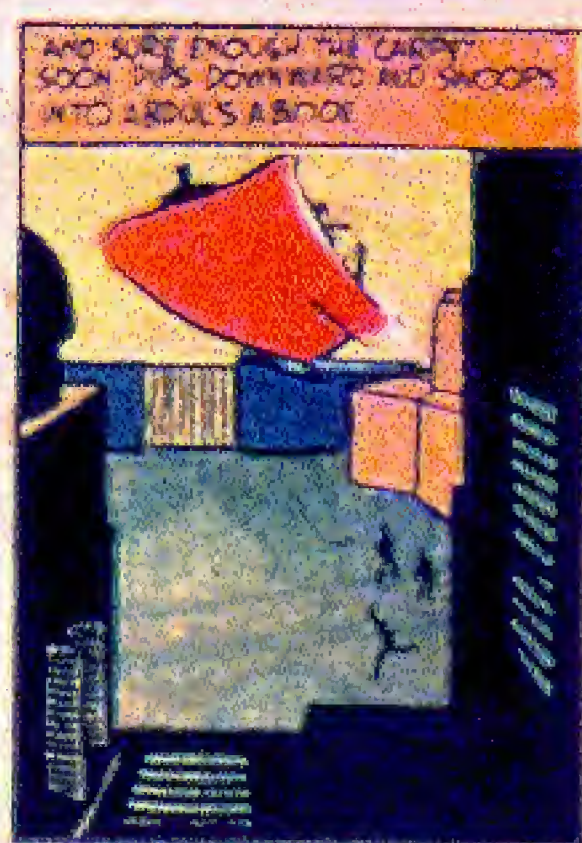
DID YOU REALLY THINK IT'S A MAGIC CARPET?

GOSH!

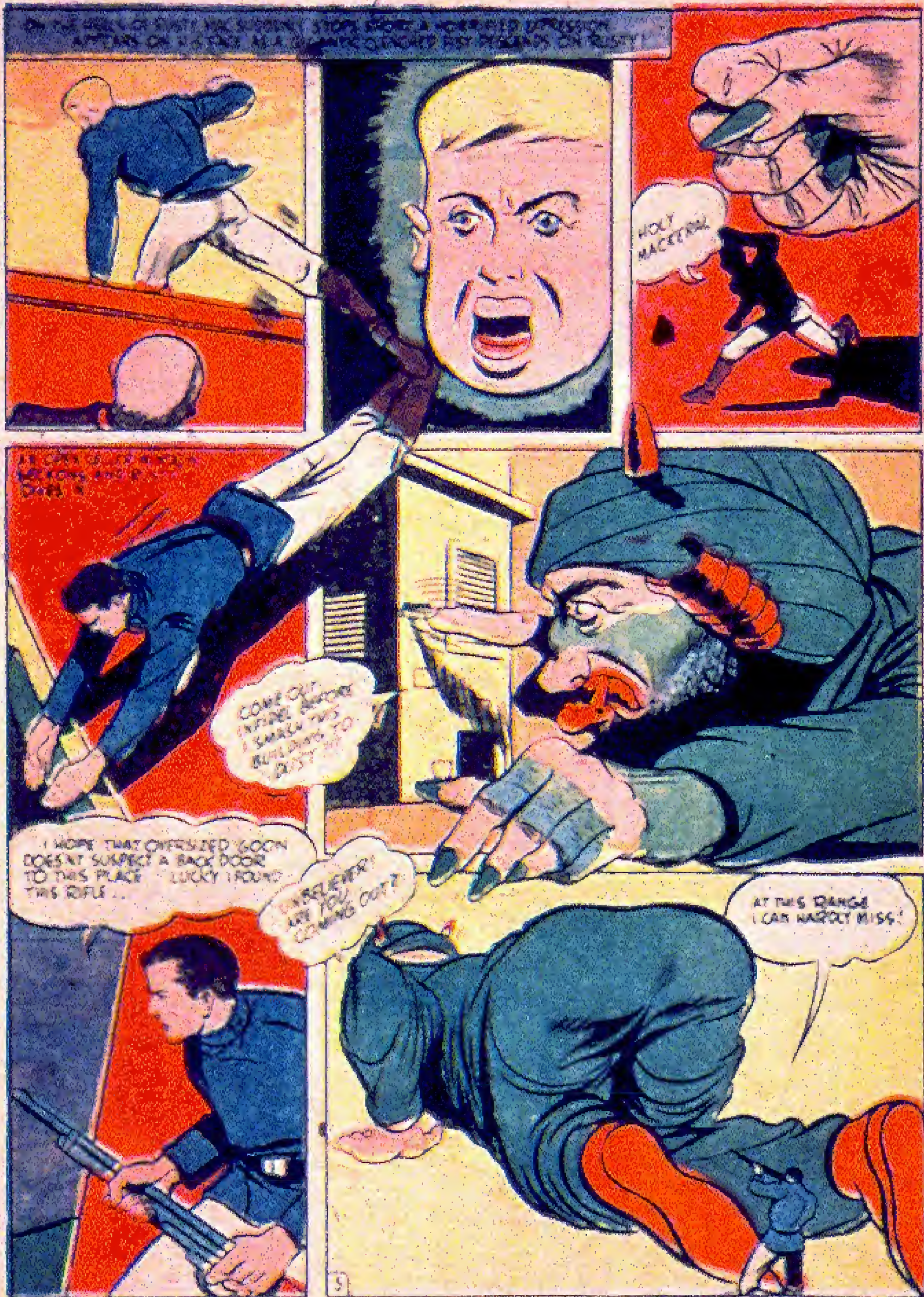
YES YOU! COME ON GET ON...

WITH MAC HANGING ON PRECARIOUSLY THE MAGIC CARPET ZOOMS UPWARD INTO THE CLOUDS...

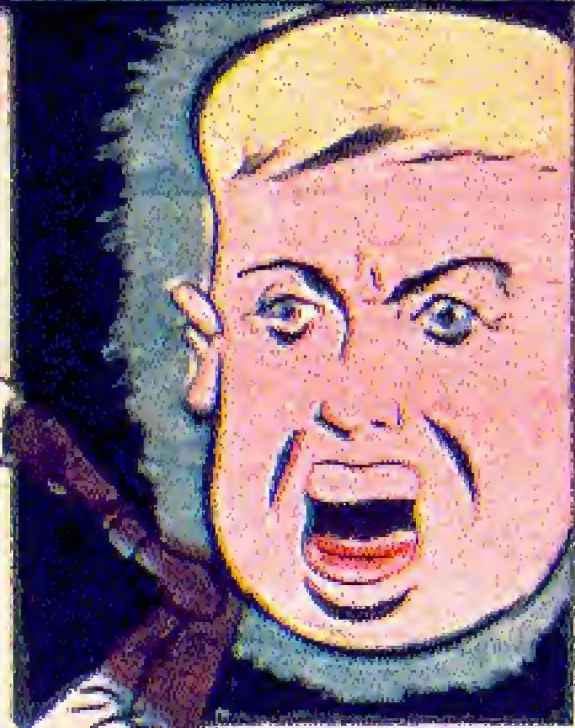
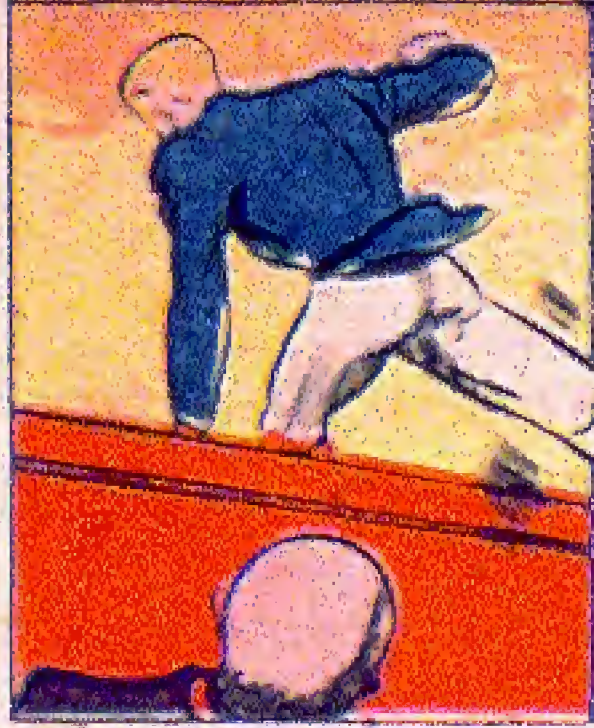








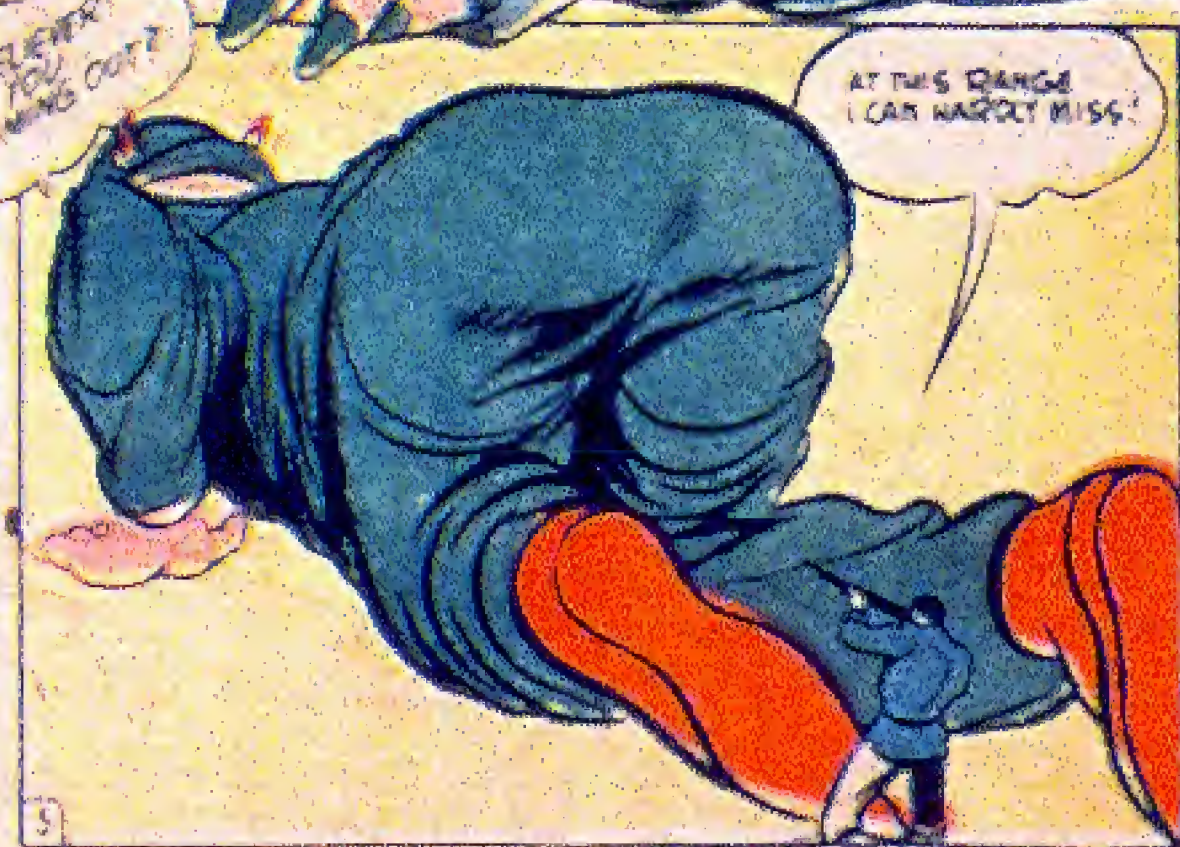
ON THE WALL OF THE LIVING ROOM, A MAN IN A SUIT WAS SHOOTING AT THE MEN WHO WERE TRYING TO GET INTO THE HOUSE.



COME OUT, INFIDEL BEFORE I SMASH THIS BUILDING TO BITS!

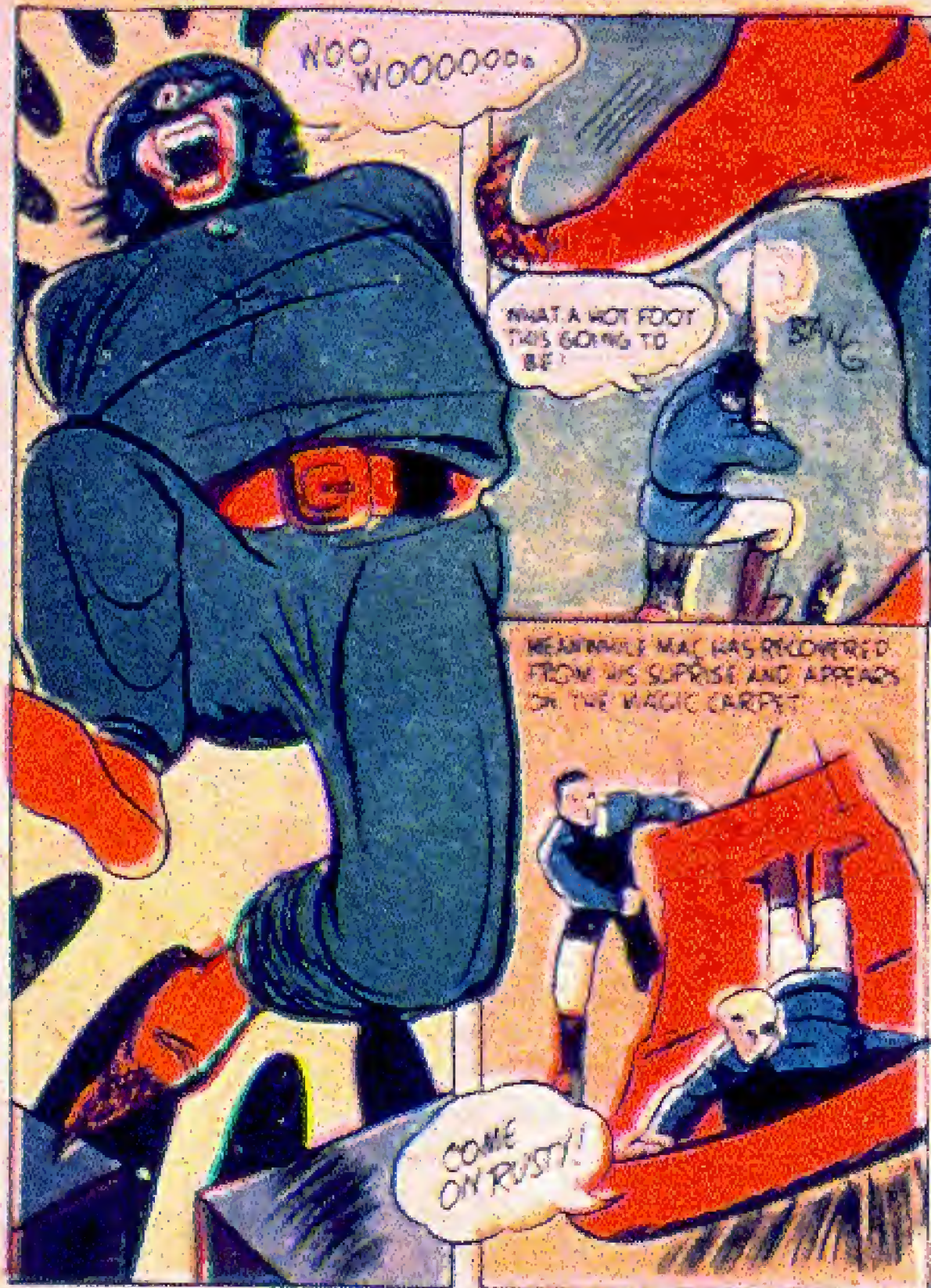
I HOPE THAT OVERSIZED GOON DOESN'T SUSPECT A BACK DOOR TO THIS PLACE. LUCKY I FOUND THIS RIFLE...

UNBELIEVABLE! ARE YOU COMING OUT?

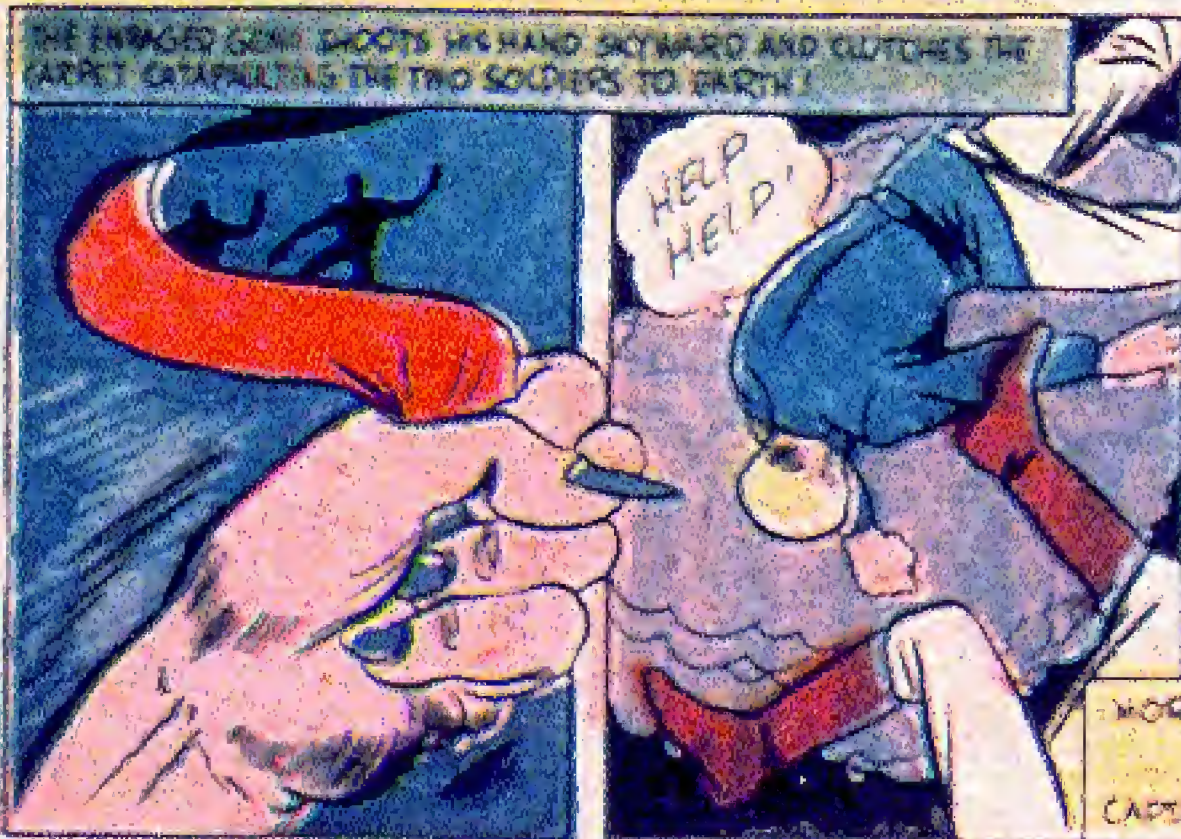


AT THIS RANGE I CAN HARDLY MISS!





MEANTIME MAC HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS SURPRISE AND APPEARS ON THE MAGIC CARPET



MORE ADVENTURES OF RUSTY DUGAN  
IN NEXT MONTH'S  
CAPTAIN AERO COMICS



WHENEVER THE INVULNERABLE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE ARE THREATENED BY THE IRON HANDS OF OPPRESSION--A CHAMPION WILL RISE TO THE DEFENSE OF THE WEAK--SUCH IS MAJOR HORNET (THE FLAGMAN)--SWORN TO PROTECT THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE!



# THE FLAGMAN



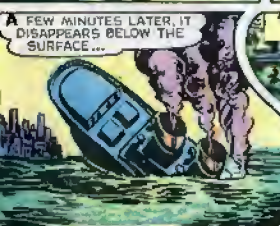
NEW YORK HARBOR--THE LINER 'BLUE STAR' IS TOWED MAJESTICALLY INTO HER BERTH!



SUDDENLY--WITHOUT WARNING, THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND THE HUGE LINER SEEMS TO LEAP INTO THE AIR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IT DISAPPEARS BELOW THE SURFACE...



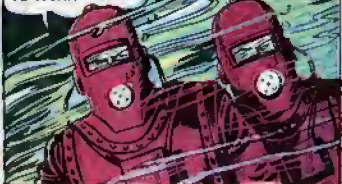
LIKE A GIGANTIC CRIPPLED SEA MONSTER, IT SETTLES ON THE BED OF THE RIVER...



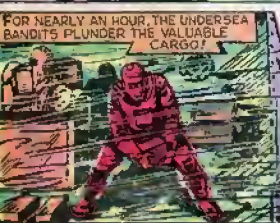
THEN LIKE CREATURES OUT OF A STORY BOOK, STRANGELY GARBED MEN MAKE THEIR WAY QUICKLY TO THE SUNKEN LINER



ALL RIGHT MEN, GET INSIDE, WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



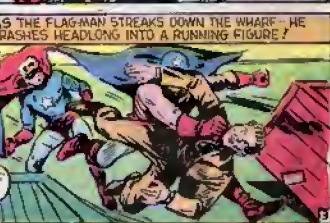
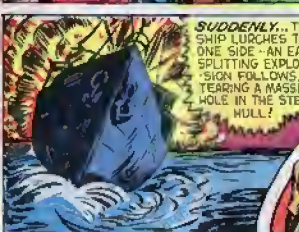
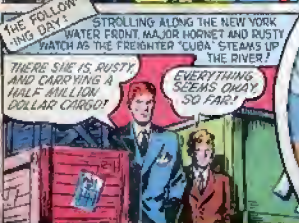
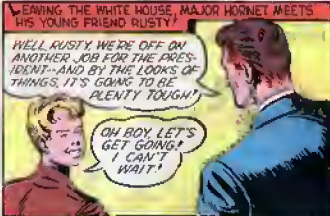
FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, THE UNDERSEA BANDITS PLUNDER THE VALUABLE CARGO!



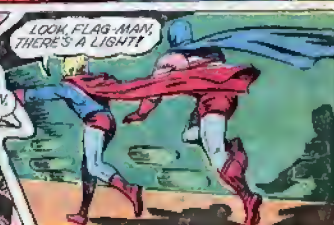
EXTRA! EXTRA!  
ANOTHER LINER  
BLOWN UP IN RIVER

- LEDGER -  
**POLICE BAFFLED!!**  
POLICE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN  
THE CAUSE OF THE SINKING OF TWO  
STEAM SHIPS IN WEST RIVER ---  
DIVERS REPORT THAT ALL CARGO  
IS MISSING FROM SUNKEN SHIPS!

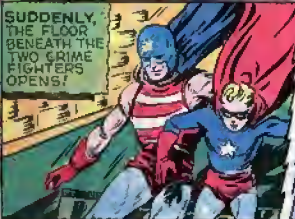




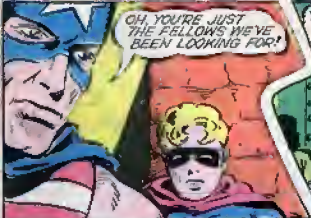




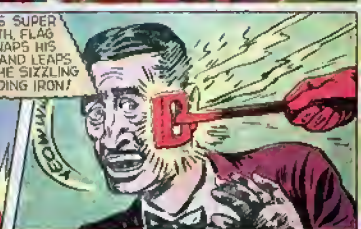
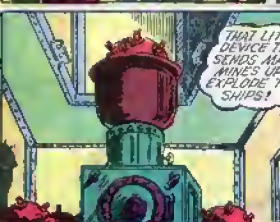












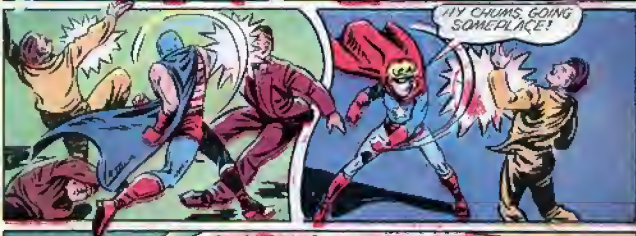


IN THE CONFUSION FLAG-MAN QUICKLY  
RELEASES RUSTY!

ARE YOU  
OKAY, KID?

SURE, LET'S  
TEAR INTO  
THOSE MUGS!

NOW RATS, WE'LL DO A  
LITTLE TALKING, MY  
WAY!

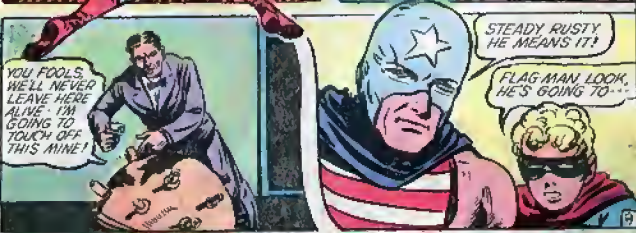
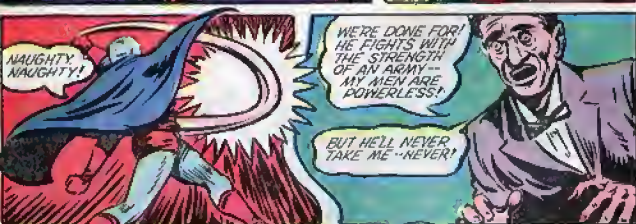
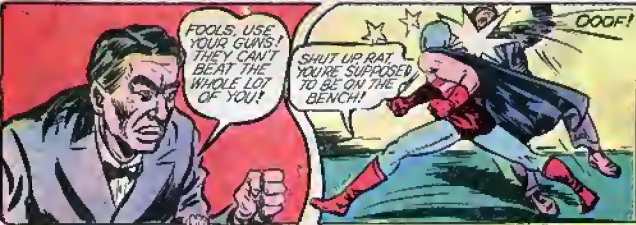


LIKE TWIN TORNADOES FLAG-MAN AND  
RUSTY SMASH INTO THE MOB!

WAAHOO









AS THE MINE EXPLODES THE ENTIRE UNDER RIVER WIDEOUT IS DOWN SKY HIGH!

**BOOM**

A FEW SECONDS LATER, TWO FIGURES CLING WEARILY TO A PIECE OF WRECKAGE...

TRY TO MAKE IT IN TO SHORE, RUSTY!

HOW ARE YOU, RUSTY?

O-O-KAY, FLAG-MAN, JUST A BIT 'SHAKEN UP!

I FEEL BETTER NOW--WHEW, I NEVER EXPECT-ED TO COME THROUGH THAT ALIVE!

RUSTY TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, THERE'S TWO OF US WHO THOUGHT EXACTLY THE SAME THING!

FOLLOW THE AMAZING AND EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE "FLAGMAN" and RUSTY in EVERY ISSUE OF THE GREAT Captain **AERO** COMICS





HEY BOBBY, COME ON AND  
WE'LL FLY OUR PLANES--  
THE GANG'S OUT THERE  
IN THE DARK!

WAIT UP! CAN'T YOU  
SEE I'M READING  
THE "CAT-MAN"  
COMICS?

YEAH, BOY THAT'S  
A MONEY OF A  
COMIC BOOK--I  
JUST READ IT  
MYSELF!

GEE, THE KITTEN  
IS ONE SWELL  
DOLL, ISN'T SHE?  
JIM, I'LL SEE  
YOU LATER!



LATER:

IN THE TOWN DARK, THE SKY SCOUTS SEND THEIR GASOLINE MOTORED PLANES SOARING IN THE AIR!



HANS, WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED THE CAR?

WE ARE ABOUT TO CONDUCT AN EXPERIMENT WITH OUR PROCESSED RUBBER PILLS!



YOUR PLANE FLIES VERY HIGH EH BOY?

SURE, MISTER! SOMEDAY I HOPE TO FLY A REAL SHIP-- I BELONG TO THE SKY SCOUTS!



GOOD! NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE YOUR PLANE FLY TWICE AS HIGH? JUST PUT THIS INTO THE GAS TANK!

THANKS, MISTER!



WE HANDS BOBBY A TINY BLACK PELLET...

THE STRANGERS DRIVE AWAY AND PARK BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES TO WATCH!



NOW...



BOBBY SENDS HIS PLANE UP AGAIN--

AW, IT ISN'T GOING ANY HIGHER THAN IT USUALLY DOES!

THAT MUG MUST HAVE BEEN KIDDING ME-- HE DID LOOK KIND OF FISHY!



SURPRISINGLY... THE MODEL PLANE EXPLODES!



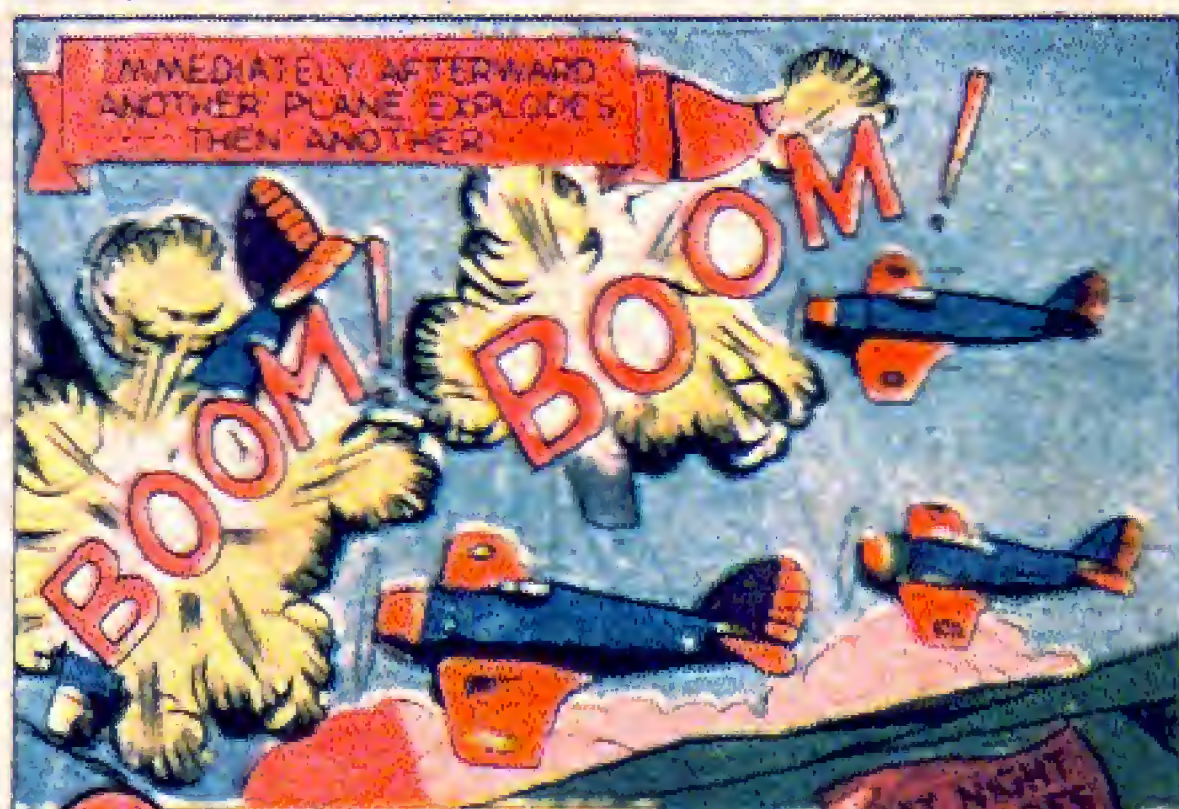
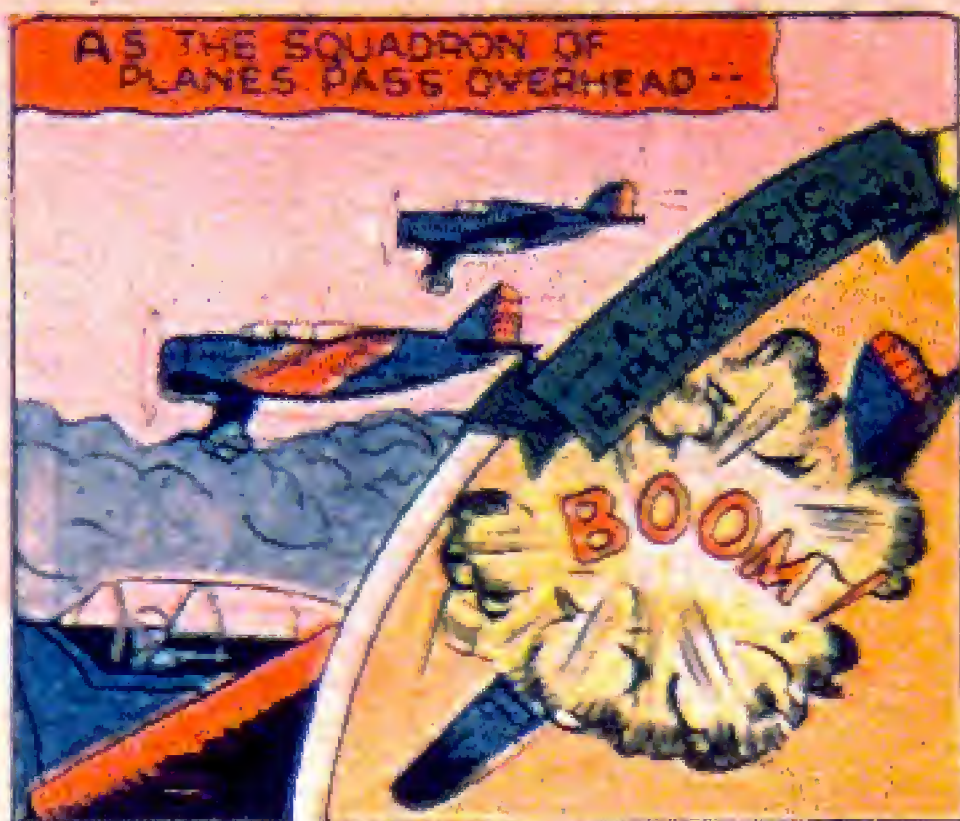
GEE!... TOO BAD BOBBY!

IF I EVER SEE THAT GUY AGAIN, I'LL...





THE NEXT DAY BOBBY AND JIM ARE AT THE AIRPORT WATCHING ARMY PLANES TAKE OFF ON ROUTINE FLIGHTS!









AS THE DRIVER OF THE ROADSTER ENTERS THE FARMHOUSE THE SCOUTS SCAMPER OUT OF THE TRUNK



STAY OUT HERE-I'M GONNA PAY A SOCIAL CALL!

HELLO-REMEMBER ME? MAY I COME IN?



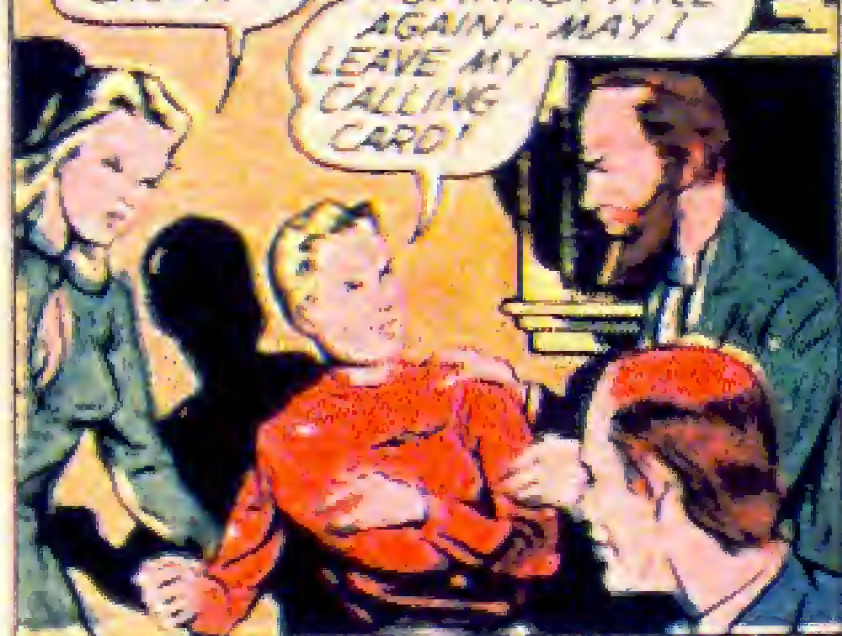
WHY-ER-SURE, SONNY!



I'D LIKE TO GET A NEW SUPPLY OF THOSE LITTLE RUBBER BALLS. THEY'RE GREAT TO PUT INTO ARMY PLANES. DON'T YOU THINK?



YOU'RE A SMART BOY-BUT A LITTLE TOO SMART!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T SPINACH FACE AGAIN--MAY I LEAVE MY CALLING CARD!

HERE IT IS!



BOP!

AN' I'VE GOT AN EXTRA ONE FOR YOU TOO!



TOUGH GUY EH SONNY!-ALLRIGHT, SAY YOUR PRAYERS-YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!

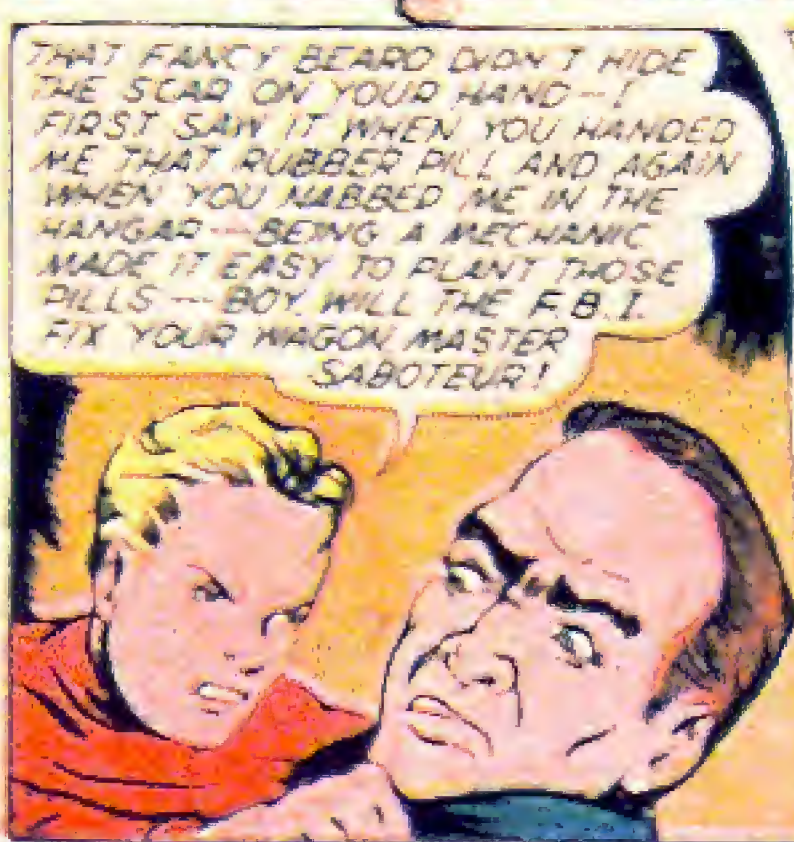
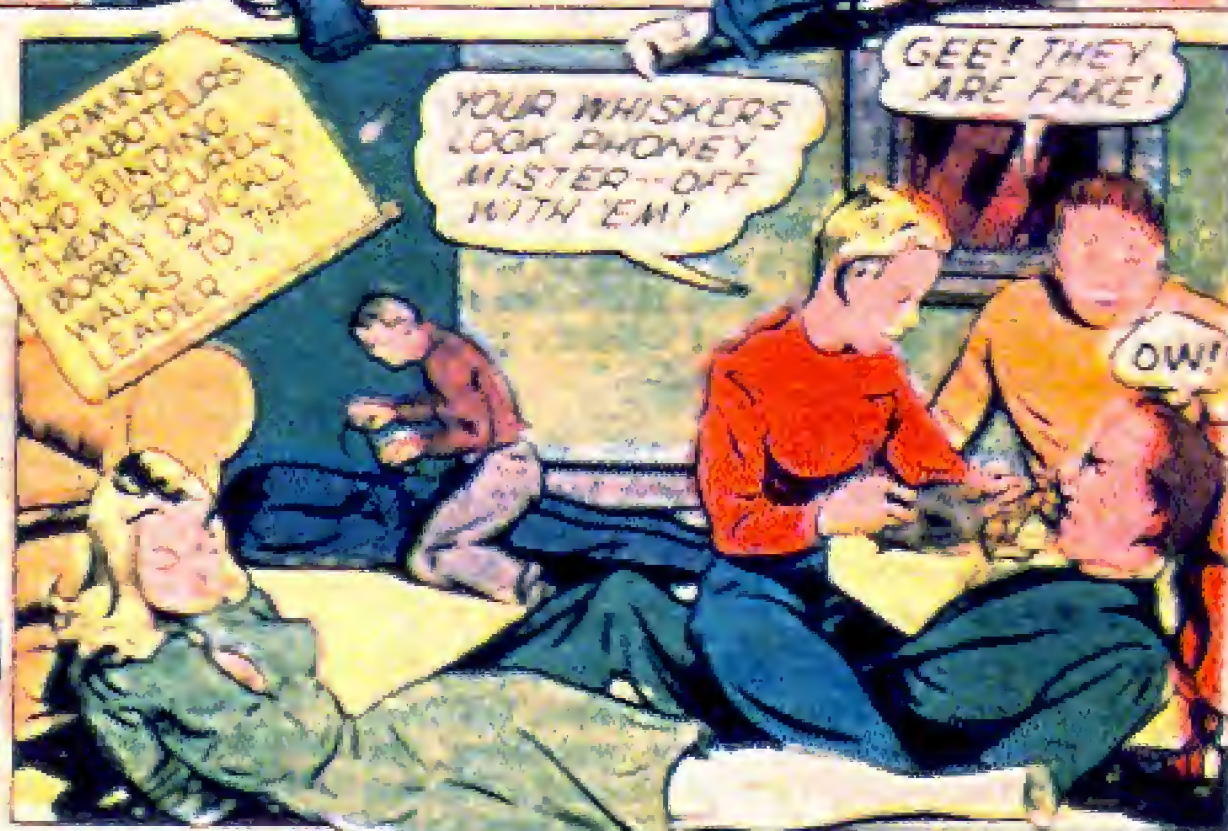


WATCHING AT AN OPEN WINDOW, BOBBY'S PALS REALIZE IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO ACT

I'LL BLITZ HER WITH MY SHIP-WATCH!

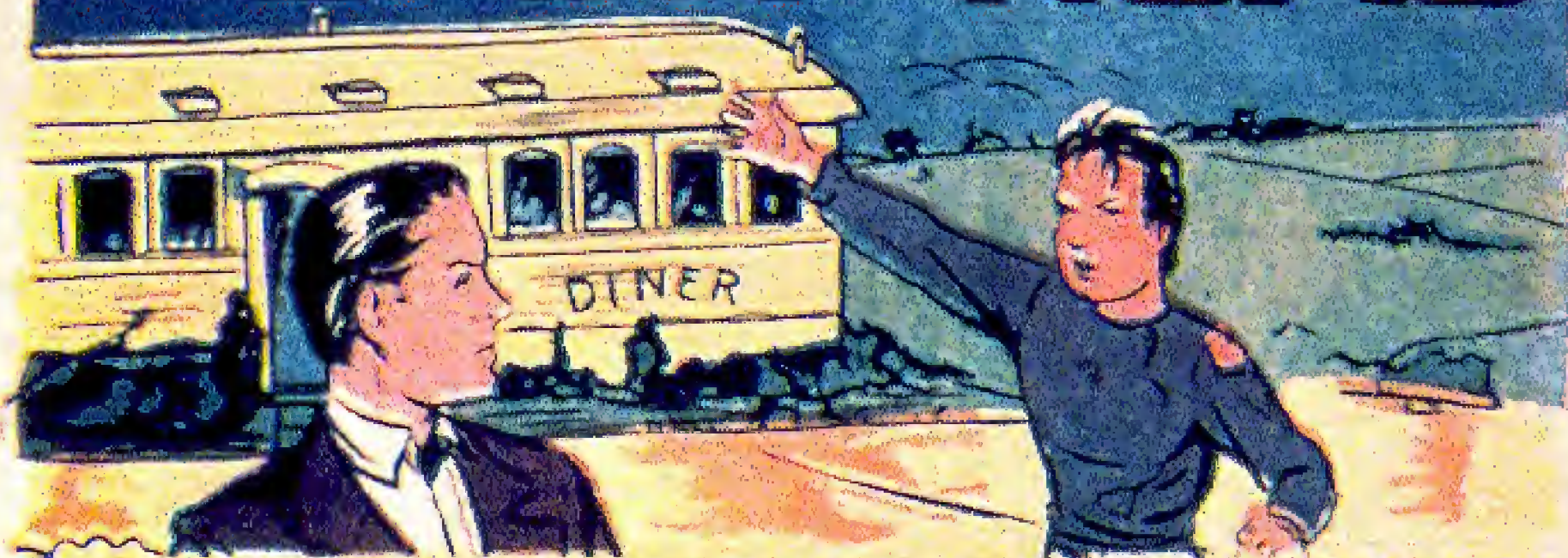








# HEART AND HEAD



On the Illinois prairie, lunch wagons are frequented by strange characters; here, mostly everyone has a plan for tomorrow. Tom Walker was one such, and as he came through the door, he paused to scan the scene before him, looking from one face to the other. He found them all strangers still. When taking a seat, he felt something of warmth; perhaps the waitress' cry of "Ham and—"

Tom was going to meet life, the call of youth, the thirst for contact with bigger things than he had known in his struggle back there in the city which had hardened him for his place in the sun.

Hurrying away after downing his coffee, his mind on making Rock Island before the next feed, he was already busy searching the road for a lift, when he caught the call, "Pardon me could I ask you a question?" and was somewhat surprised on turning to find he had been followed by a timid, comical looking chap, almost too weary to stand, the picture of despair.

A good face always got under Tom's skin. He could read the unspoken appeal in the kid's eyes, the manner and the tone of the voice appealed deeply to his sympathy—looking the kid over he concluded here is a perfect specimen of a mamma's boy, lost in the woods.

You kids who are privileged to draw up on chairs three times a day to eat that stuff, "Mom" calls food, try two weeks out there where "Mom" ain't, then you'll know what it's all about. One foodless day with only a glass of water to dry a parched throat sure makes food seem mighty important and home mighty attractive.

Tom knew nothing of the nation-wide police alerts sent out of Boston by banker Franklin,

appealing for information with a description of his son; but five minutes chat told the boy's story. Two weeks from the fire, broke and confused—a soft kid's venture into a hard world. Nothing but a few dollars and lots of advice couldn't smooth out and Tom gave him a double barrel charge.

Knowing all the signs, he gave the kid more than advice; anyone is in better shape to take advice after a feed—here was plain hunger and they drifted back to the lunch wagon.

Walking and talking they had gone quite a few miles before getting that lift into Rock Island where they made straight for the Western Union for he was certain the kid could not handle life on his own and should be home. Western Union has handled many messages, but few have given more comfort than that dictated by Tom and signed by the kid, telling his parents of his home coming.

Years later Tom Walker faced that kid again. In desperation he had taken a long shot on a difficult road construction job for which he was not properly equipped. Now several months over the completion date for the contract and with winter fast closing in, he was battling to beat a freeze-up and ruin. The kid on finishing college had passed into federal service, drawing the assignment as inspector on Walker's job—it was a moment of bitter reflection.

"You are running into clay, Tom and I'm not taking clay. I'll send back every load of it."

"Okay, kid, no clay—I'll tell the shovel runner to move when he hits it. But get this in your head, we're in for a big freeze. If



I'm not done and gone before she hits we'll be snowed in for the winter and the bank gets my outfit next spring; so I'm telling you don't block this work kid, don't block it."

"Do it right is all I ask."

"What about the bridge, do I cross it?"

"The bridge is green Tom, and I'm taking no chances."

"But kid, I sweetened the mix for the bridge deck and it will hold twice its weight right now."

"Tom, I can't take the chance."

"Kid, if I have to haul around by the old road I'm broke, you don't want to break me, do you?"

"Of course not, but that bridge deck is far too green to take a chance putting the trucks over it."

"Now listen, kid, don't be near that bridge when I get there, it might not be healthy for you; we're throwing that road in and nothing is stopping us."

Tom Walker turned without another word. This was no time for argument. The threat of the weather and the time clause in the contract forced action. He was seeing red as he was looking failure in the face, he would meet it as he had always met it—fighting—and he meant to fight.

Ten years had passed since Tom had given the kid a ticket for home, and that feed out on the Illinois prairie. Both were conscious of the moral claim this fact injected into the situation, but both men had their standards. Tom did not press the claim he chose to fight.

You need only hear the roar of trucks that came without pause throughout the night to dump their loads, to know that Tom had gone back to the pit to make a fight for it. The kid stood by to encourage and direct his race against time. You could sense his keen desire to be of service as he shouted again and again—"Speed her up boys, dump her here; back out there; pull to the right; swing this way; move rock there; take it there; bank it in the middle; Casey, got the old bulldogger straight up the left."

Shortly after midnight one of the truckmen shouted, "Looks like we'll make it if we can cross the bridge, how about it, kid?" — to which he answered, "Sorry, old man, but I can't allow it."

Almost in the next minute he heard the dump man cry—"She's sticking, Bill." Then the kid called, "Hold it, let me see what you've got in that load." Trucks were piling up and more were coming, but the kid held up the work with his cry, "Take it back, no clay was my order."

"Aw, kid we gotta finish this job."

"Take it back."

"We can't, the boss would go out."

For a second the kid hesitated, then, "Okay take the load up ahead."

"You're gonna let me dump it?"

"Yes, all the Bill."

"Kid, Kid! Holy crapes it'll be your funeral."

But the kid ordered the first load dumped off the Bill near the bridge, then speaking to the driver, "Tell Tom to move the shovel; let him think I took those loads, but that I won't take any more."

"But kid, when he finds out he'll kill you."

"Get back to the pit, tell Tom the barometer is rising."

The news of rising barometer with its promise of holding the storm which threatened to make it impossible to complete the work, was received back at the rock pit with a cheer by the men who were bone weary from the strain of long hours for the past week in this fight against weather. It also served to soften the anger felt by Tom Walker. If the weather held over the night and he could persuade the kid to let the trucks use the bridge, they could make it even though they had lost an hour moving the shovel. Again was heard the roar of the Diesel and the screech of the friction drum as the bucket swung into action, the routine that must go on through the night.

Every man in the crew was now on his stride, trucks rolling and the shovel eating its way into the bank with the precision of men who felt this fight was also their fight. Tom Walker felt humbled by this show of devotion by men who seemed to do more work than they had ever done before.

The other trucks dumped their loads as the kid directed and he called to Casey, "Run the bulldogger over here, we are going to shove this pile into that hole and build a road down to that ledge running parallel with the bridge and on up to the highway on the other side so that we can get at the last fifty feet without traveling the 25 miles on the old turnpike to make it."



"But without light kid, the man doesn't live who can handle this baby in that cut. Not me. I might tackle it in daylight."

"Get down, get down! I'll handle it."

"Take her kid, but don't say I didn't call it crazy."

"Move back there boys, let those trucks come up; throw those headlights over the span. I've got two hours of hard work in that cut and I don't want a word out of anyone of you."

As he gave her the gas, the bulldozer moved slowly forward shoving a huge quantity of clay and rock into the cut; then she suddenly nosed downward; but he caught her with the emergency; he threw her into reverse and backed on to the roadway. The heavy rain and sleet warned him and made him realize the importance of light. In the dark he might go off the brink, whilst too much speed might cause him to lose control, but the job must be done, and he bent to the task.

Each time he sent the bulldozer towards the edge he was playing with fate. One foot and eternity. A fool and a machine. Ugly night, ugly thoughts.

Each time he backed onto loose gravel he was defying it. Now he was ready to ease her down onto the ledge, something of a prayer escaped his lips; now he was down. Now for reverse, she was crawling, would she slip? No, no, she's making it; each lurch brought sweat that soaked him, he was covered with a sheet of ice as it quickly froze. The hazards he was facing blinded him to every sense, but the safety margins; there on the ledge inches counted.

"Kid, one slip and you are off that ledge for a three hundred foot drop."

"It's your job not to slip."

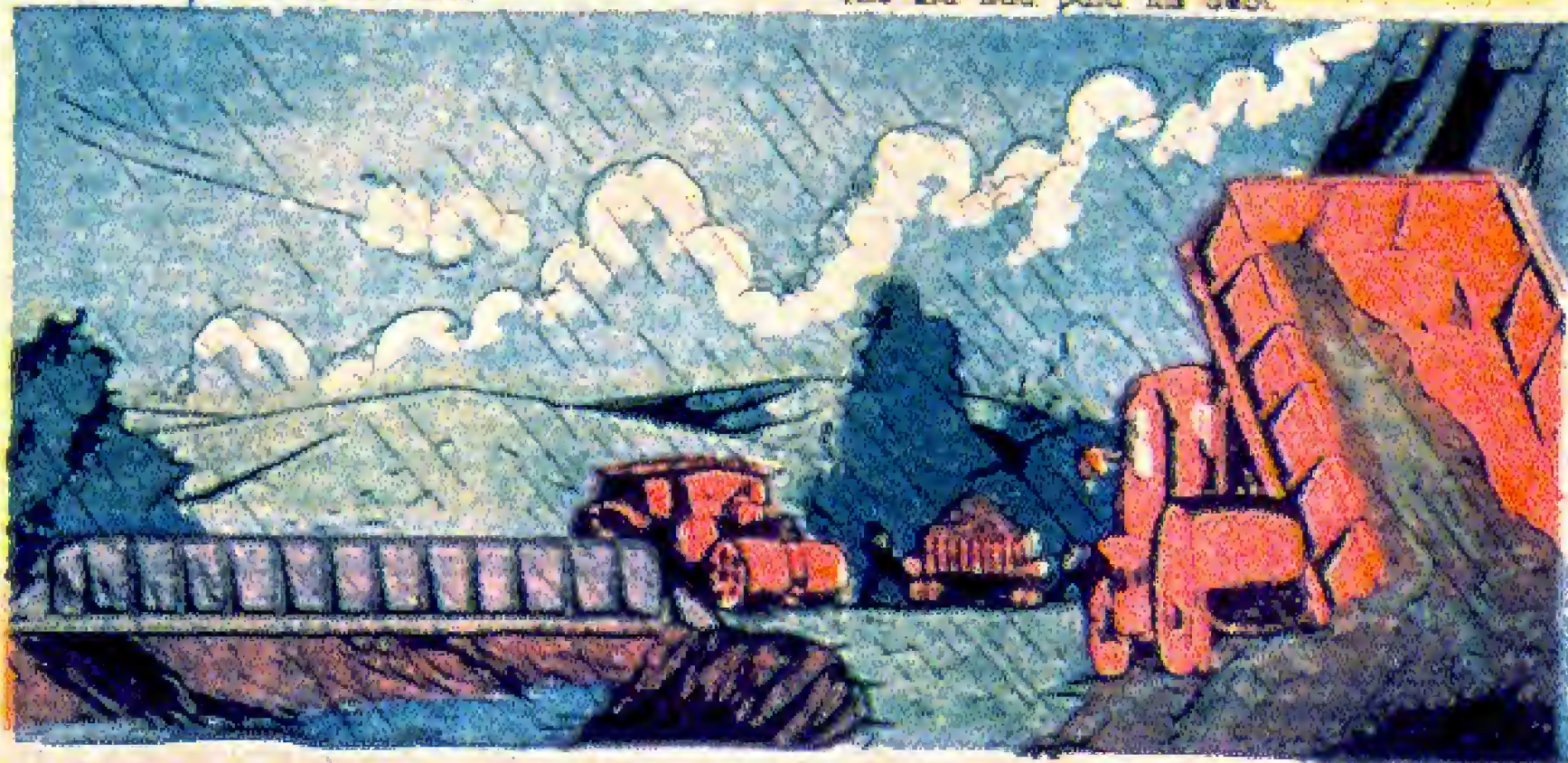
Down, back, forward, down, hold her, ease a hundred of times it seemed this routine, and each time his spirit rose but the strain was hitting him with needle-like darts through the body.

Just a few more trips and the ramp to the ledge would be finished. On and on went the bulldozer shoving rock and clay, spreading and packing as he held on to the controls, easing her to the brink, and back again for more.

"Yes, Carey had something when he warned me." "One more trip and the ramp is ready—now it will hold." "Shove rock into the dip—one trip should do it." "Now send her up, let her rip her path. We are making it, we are making it old girl! Come on baby, come on baby, we can't fail; spread it out, slow your way to the top." "Tear that shoulder out of your way, steady baby, steady—there now you've done it."

Now he was driving her back and forth to pack her for the job of supporting the trucks with their load of rock. Just a few more runs and he would pass them. Then he came to a stop with a cry. "Well, boys, there she is, take her; shoot those trucks across," and slumped forward, exhausted. Carey pulled himself up besides him and backed the bulldozer off the highway and round to the first load that came across sweeping it into the fill—satisfied now that they would make it, and soon again was heard the roar of trucks as they caught the tempo of the thing.

The kid had paid his debt.





# ALLIANCE

by  
ALAN  
VINEY

LAA-DEES  
AND GENTLEMEN!  
PRE-SENTING THE  
CIRCUS OF  
DEATH!!

AS IF FROM OUT  
OF NOWHERE COMES  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
CRIME FIGHTER X.  
TO SMASH THE  
VICIOUS CRIMES  
THAT ARE BEYOND  
THE REACH OF  
THE LAW!

AND FOR ONLY ONE DIME  
DINE YOU CAN GET DANCE PART  
EXOTIC BEAUTY - THAT CHARMING  
LADY OF THE SNAKES - SHE LIVES  
EATS AND SLEEPS WITH THE  
DEADLY REPTILES - ONE DIME

IS ALL YOU  
NEED SO  
HURRY  
HURRY  
HURRY!







...AS THE LIGHTS DIM,  
THE CURTAINS SLIDE  
BACK OUT OF SIGHT,  
REVEALING TANGA  
"LADY OF THE  
REPTILES"



FROM SOME  
WHERE, SOFT MUSIC  
ENCHANTS THE GIANT  
SNAKES AS THEY  
SLOWLY COIL  
AROUND THEIR  
MASTER!

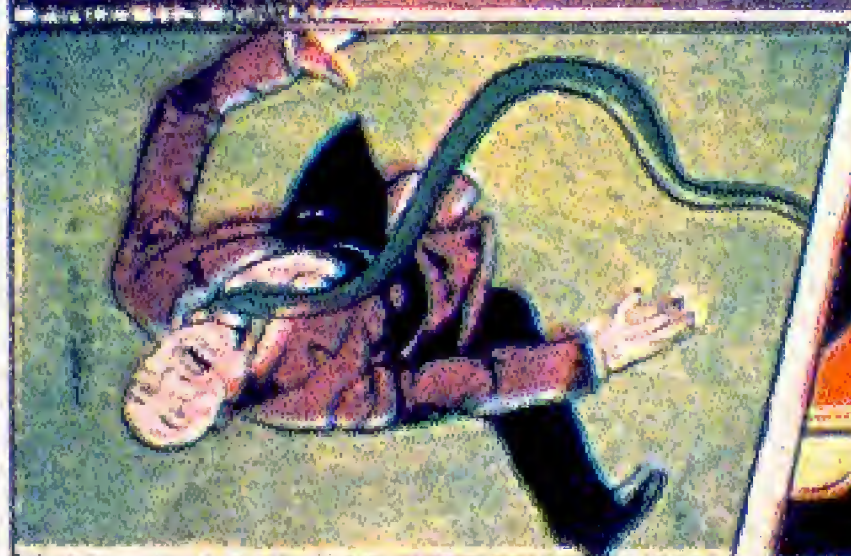
...SUDDENLY  
THE ENTIRE SIDE  
SHOW IS PLUNGED  
INTO DARKNESS!

THE LIGHTS  
WENT OUT!

EEEEEEK!!

TURN ON THE  
LIGHTS!

THE BLACKNESS A DEADLY REPTILE



...AND A FEW SECONDS LATER, FLAMES POUR  
FROM THE SIDE SHOW!



FIRE!

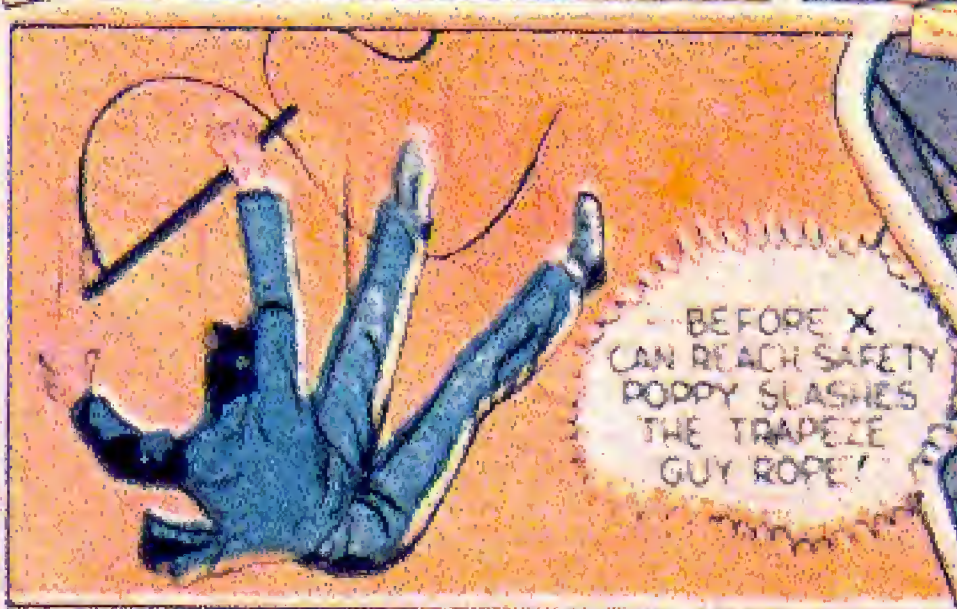
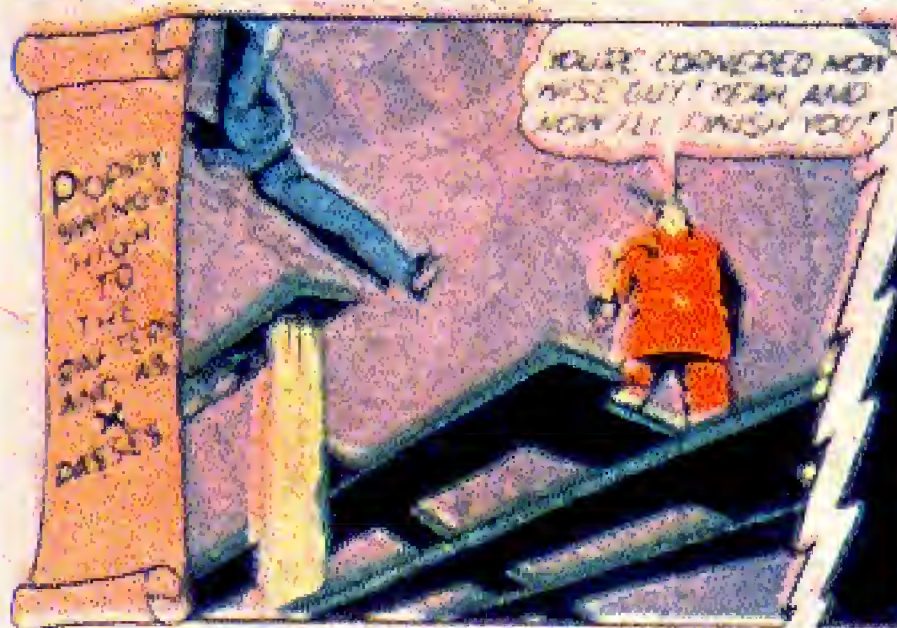
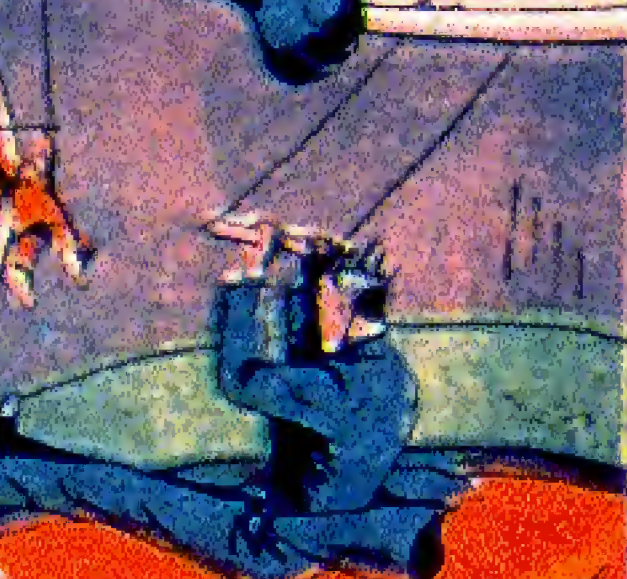
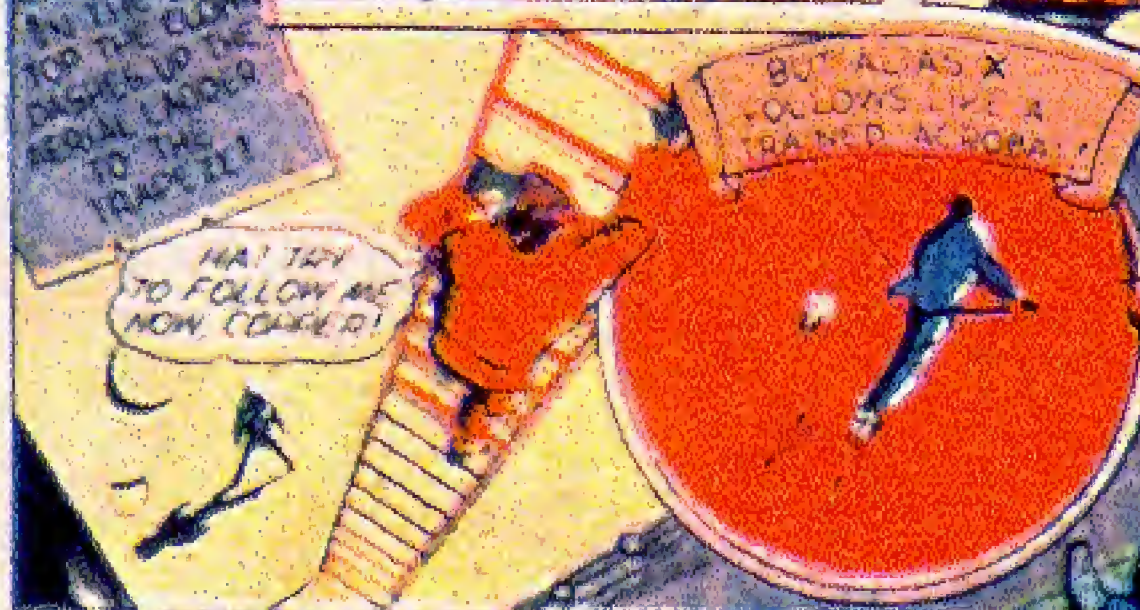
THE ENTIRE SHOW  
IS SOON A RAGING  
INFERNO—CIRCUS  
HANDS WORK  
DESPERATELY  
TO CONTROL  
THE FLAMES!



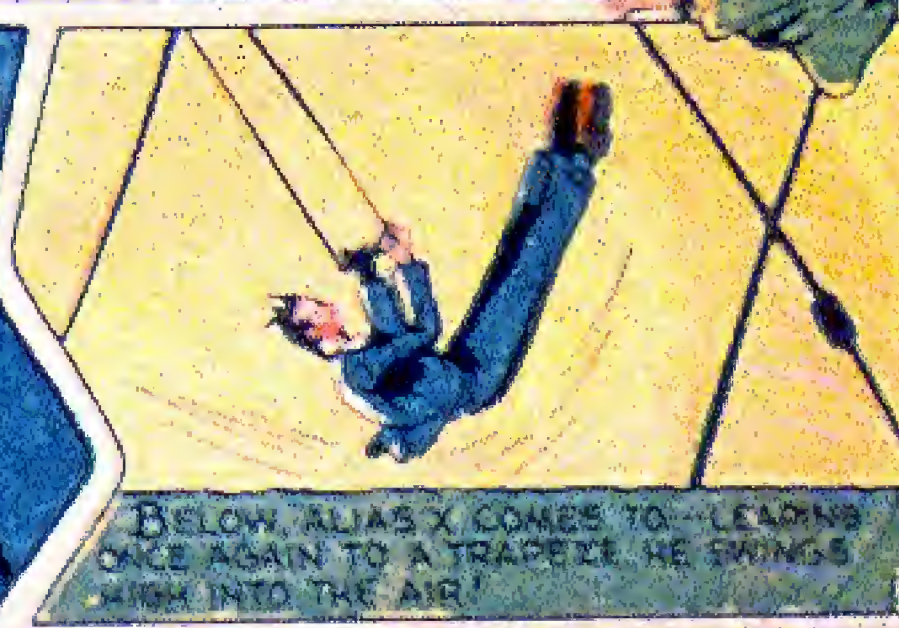
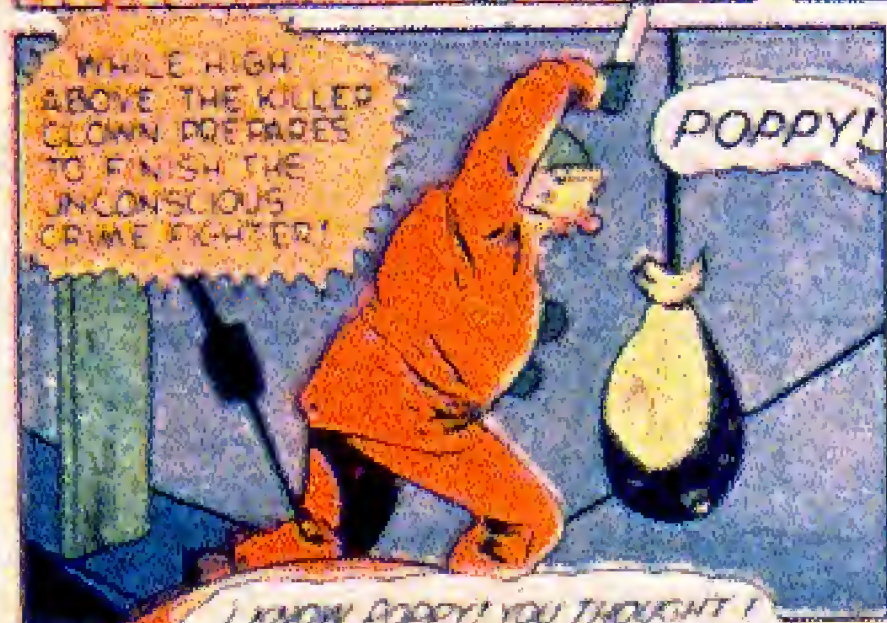
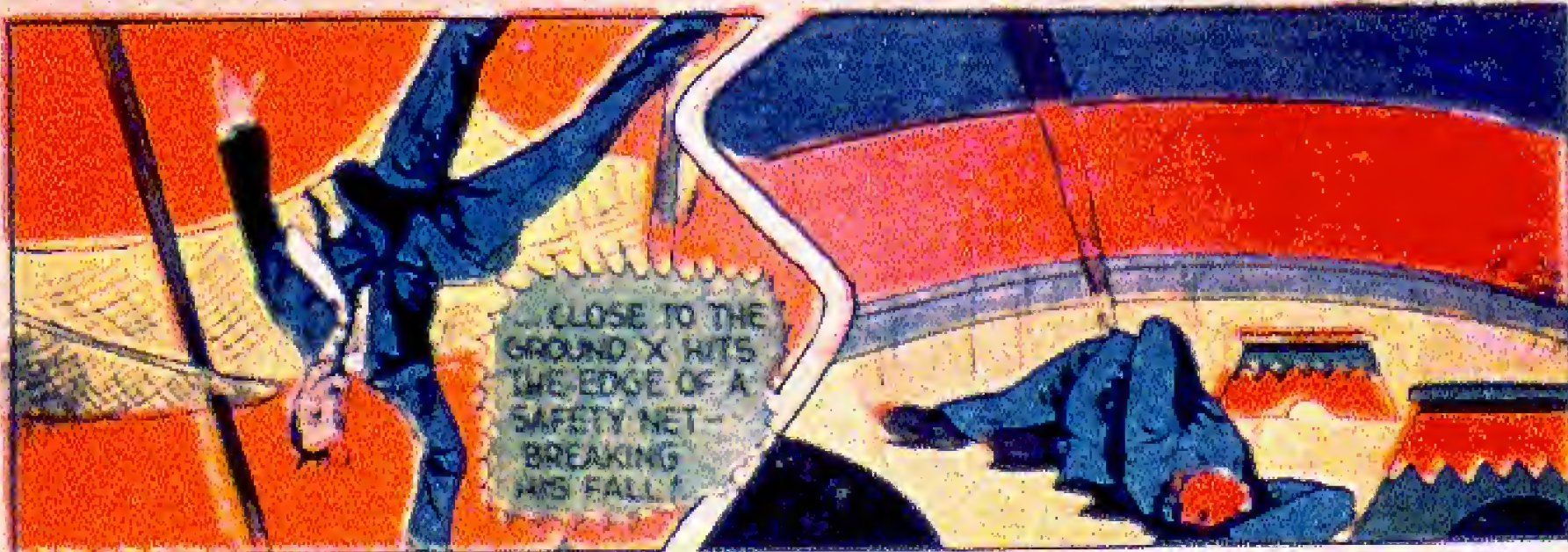




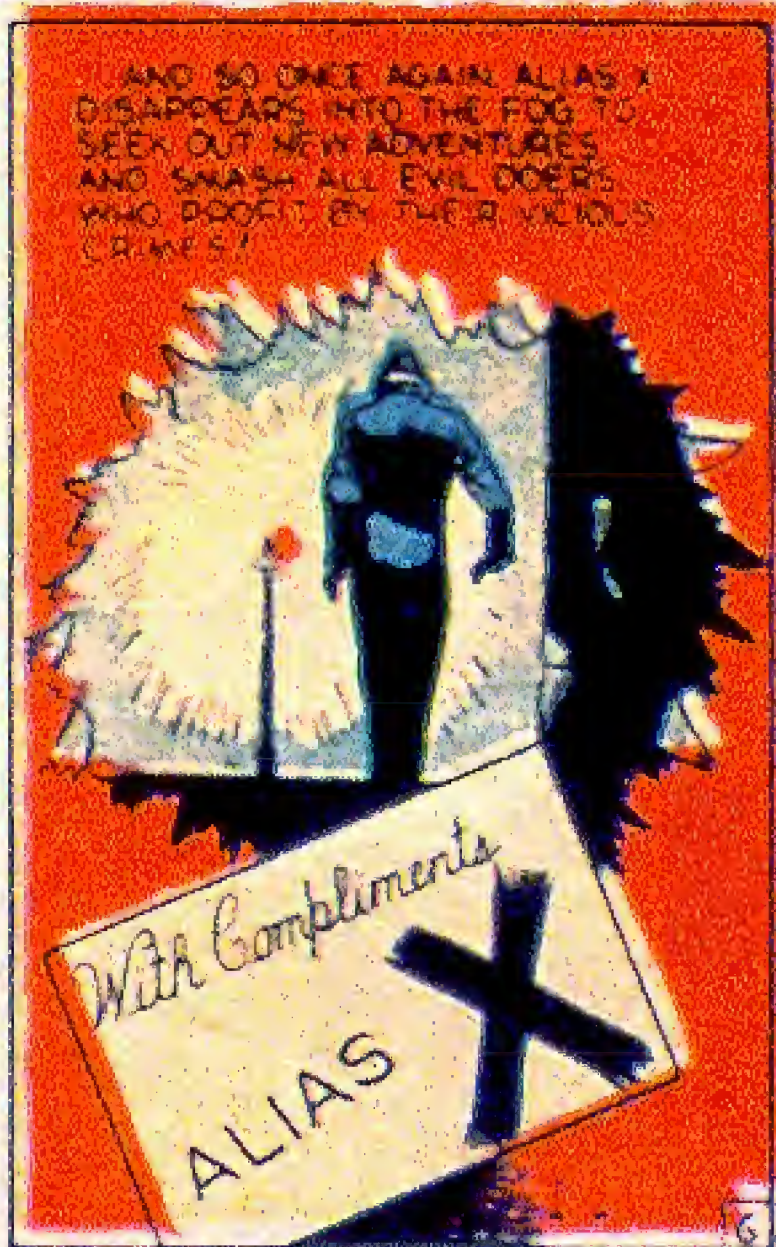
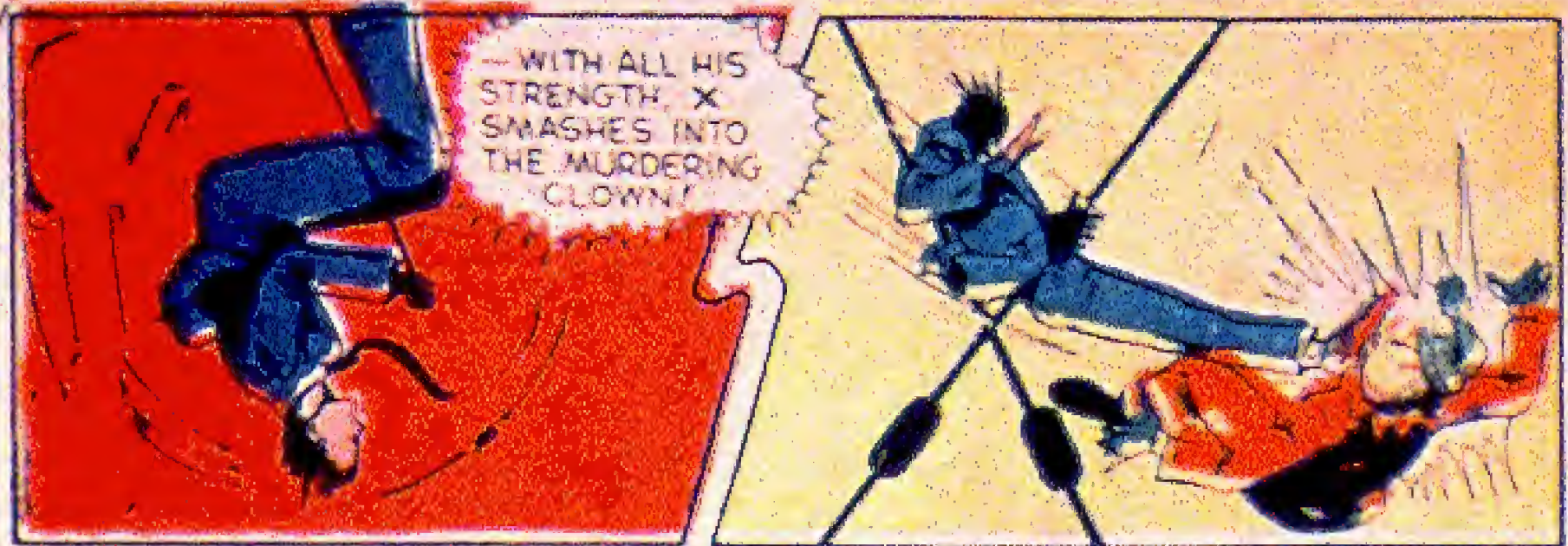
















A GROUP OF FULL FLEDGED YOUNG AMERICANS RISK THEIR LIVES TO PROVE ALLEGIANCE TO THEIR COUNTRY... THEY EMBARK ON A HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE SMASHING A DEADLY PLOT THAT ENDANGERS THE FREEDOM AND LIFE OF THE AMERICAS....

DAVID HOLLAND

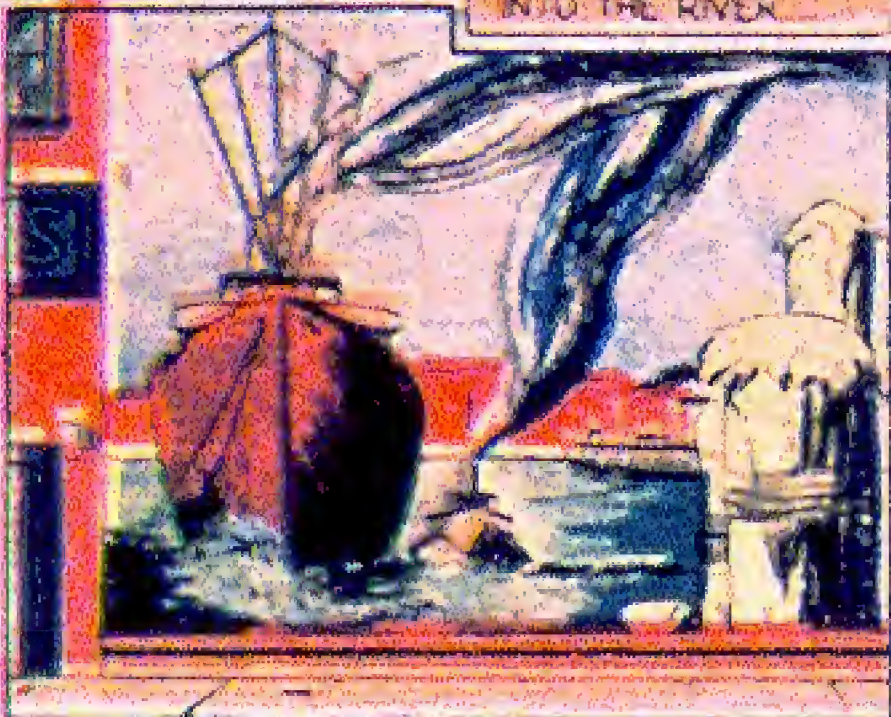


# PALS OF FREEDOM





AT PIER FOURTEEN, A BRITISH FREIGHTER HEAVILY LOADED WITH WAR SUPPLIES MOVES SLOWLY OUT INTO THE RIVER



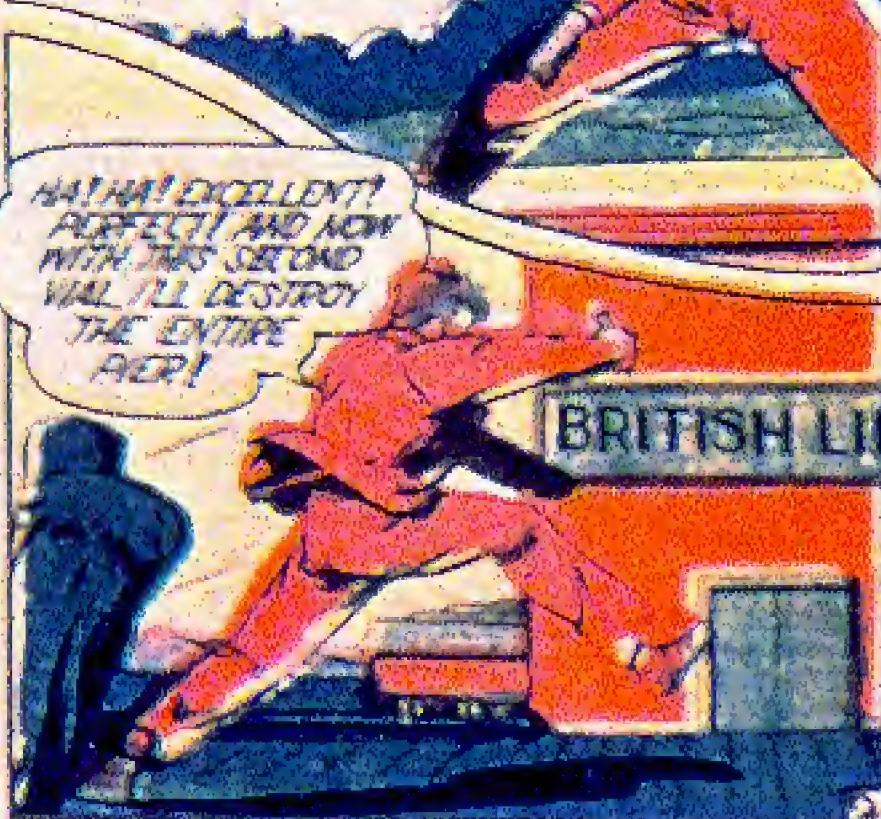
SUDDENLY A MAN RACES ACROSS THE DOCK BRANDISHING A GUN!



THE STARTLED GUARDS GIVE CHASE. THE MAN TURNS AND WITH MANIACAL FURY PUMPS A DEADLY HAIL OF BULLETS INTO THEIR BACKS



A SPLIT SECOND LATER THERE IS A TERRIFIC BLAST! FLAMES LEAP INTO THE AIR... LITERALLY TORN APART THE SHATTERED SECTIONS PLUNGE TO THE BOTTOM...





ABOUT TO THROW A SECOND MISSILE. THE SABOTEUR IS STARTLED BY A WILD YELL...

AIEEEEEEEEEE

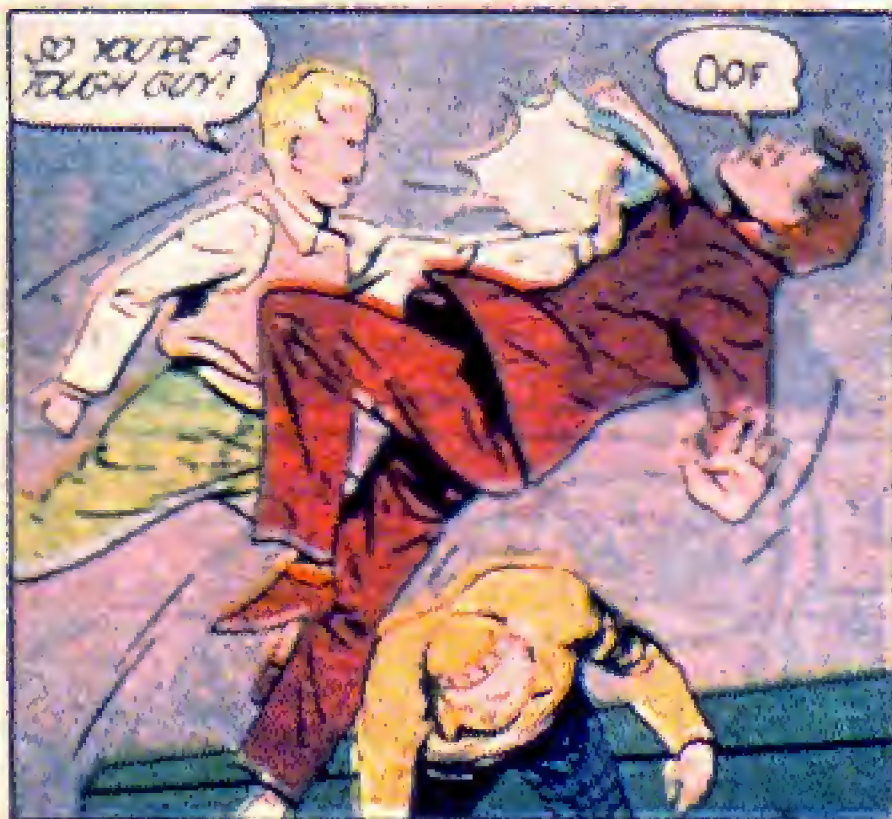
GRAB HIM, BOYS!

...AND THREE YOUNGSTERS LEAP FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES AT THE MAD SABOTEUR...



OW!

HOLD HIM, FELLAS. HE'S A KILLER!



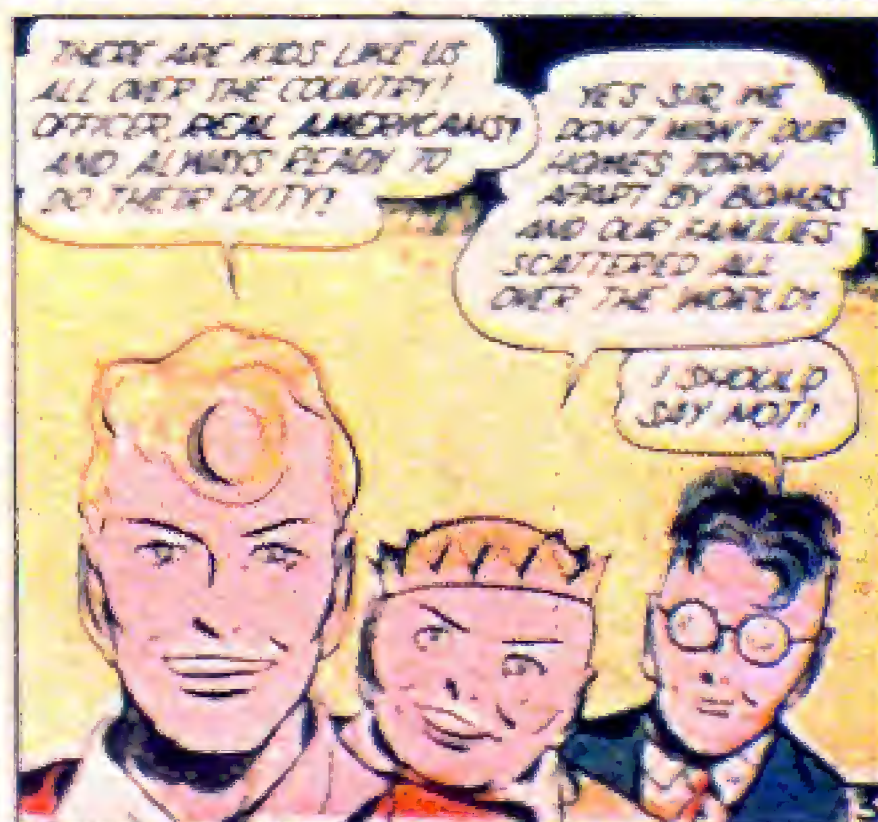
SO YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY!

OOF

BOY HE'S OUT-CLIMBING A HERRING!

WOW! I'LL SAY!

WHAT DID HE HIT ME WITH? MUCKY, A BARN?



GOOD WORK, BOYS!—YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB NAILING THIS BIRD—I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU ARE WELL REWARDED!

WE DON'T WANT ANY REWARDS!

I'LL SAY NOT! WE'RE AMERICANS! IT'S OUR DUTY TO PROTECT OUR COUNTRY!

THERE ARE KIDS LIKE US ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! OFFICER, REAL AMERICANS! AND ALWAYS READY TO DO THEIR DUTY!

YES, SIR, WE DON'T WANT OUR HOMES TORN APART BY BOMBS AND OUR FAMILIES SCATTERED ALL OVER THE WORLD!

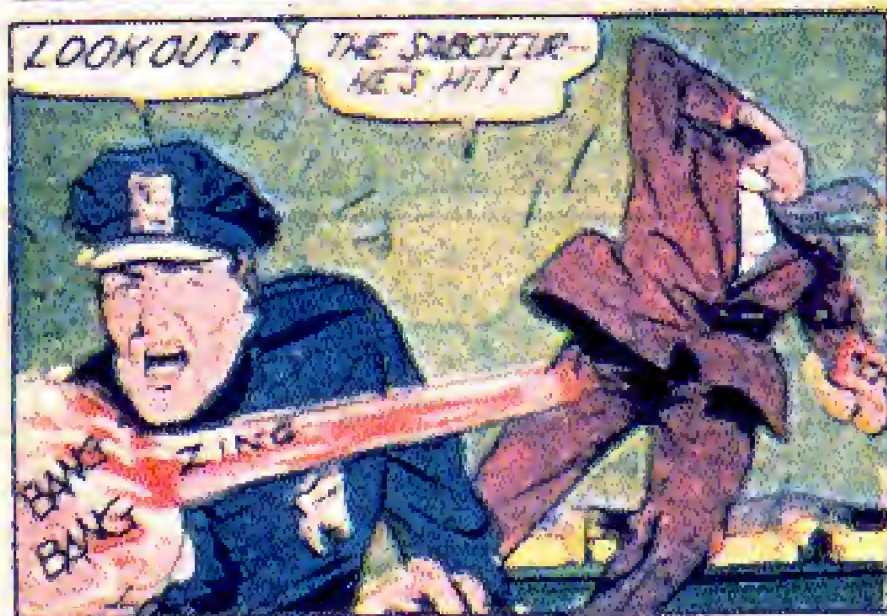
I SHOULD SAY NOT!





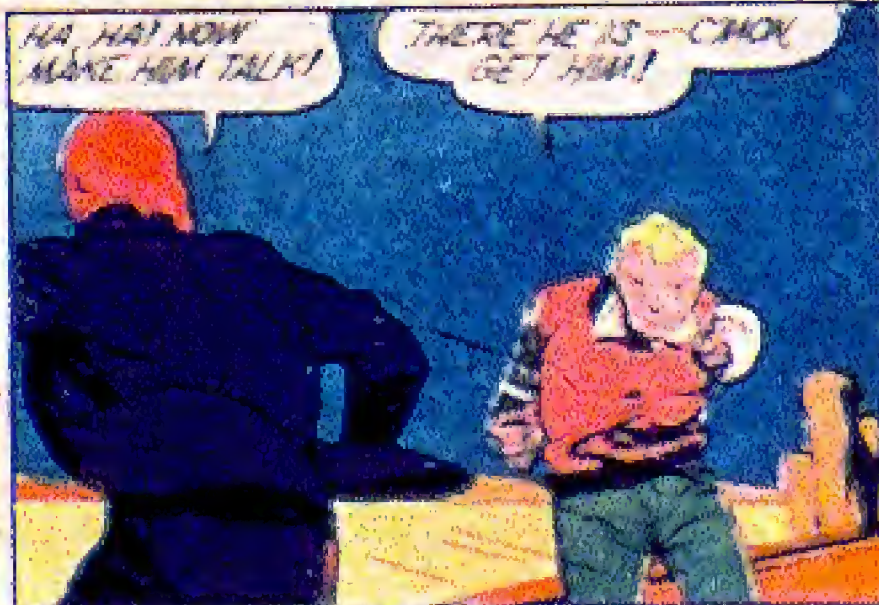
YOU'RE RIGHT, BOYS—ALL AMERICANS SHOULD THINK THE SAME WAY— WE'LL TAKE THIS SPY TO HEADQUARTERS AND MAKE HIM TALK!

FROM THE NEARBY SHADOWS OF THE WAREHOUSE A GLOVED FINGER SLOWLY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER OF A DEADLY AUTOMATIC



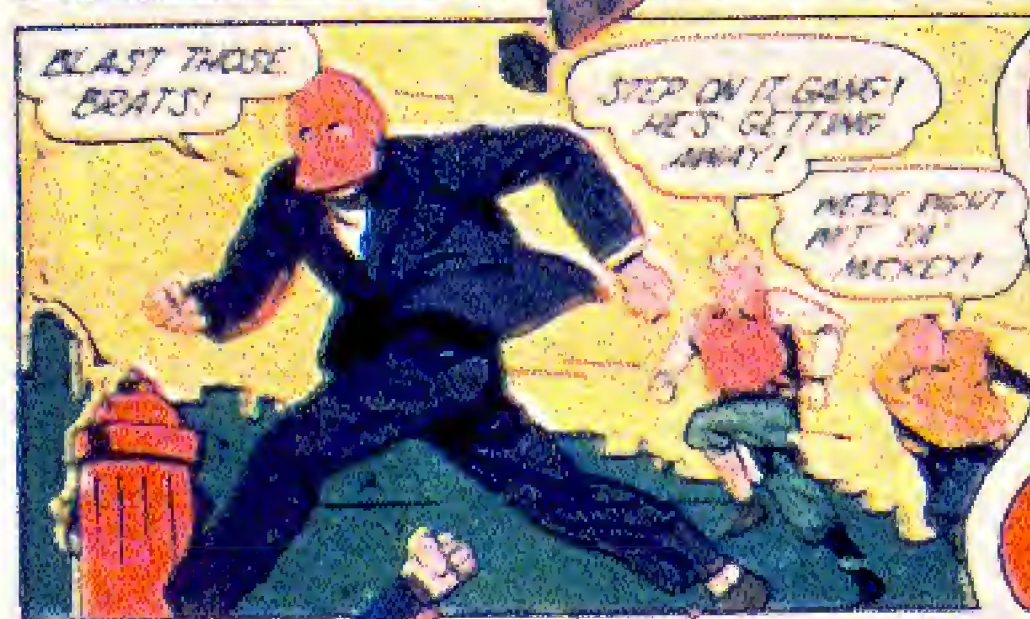
LOOK OUT!

THE SABOTEUR— HE'S HIT!



HA, HA! NOW MAKE HIM TALK!

THERE HE IS—CHOW GET HIM!



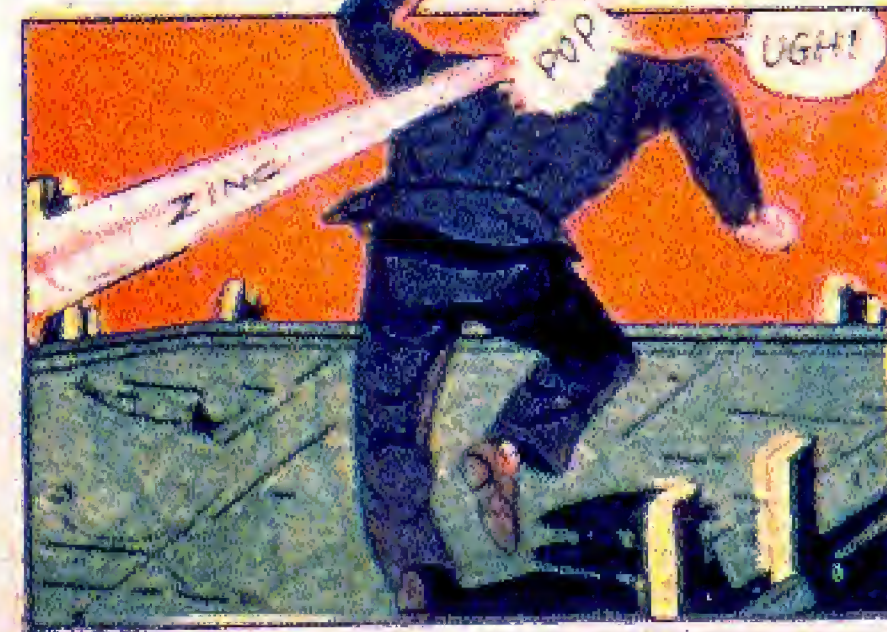
BLAST THOSE BRATS!

STEP ON IT, GANG! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

WE'VE GOT HIM IN A MOMENT!



HOLD IT, BOYS, I'LL STOP HIM—WATCH!

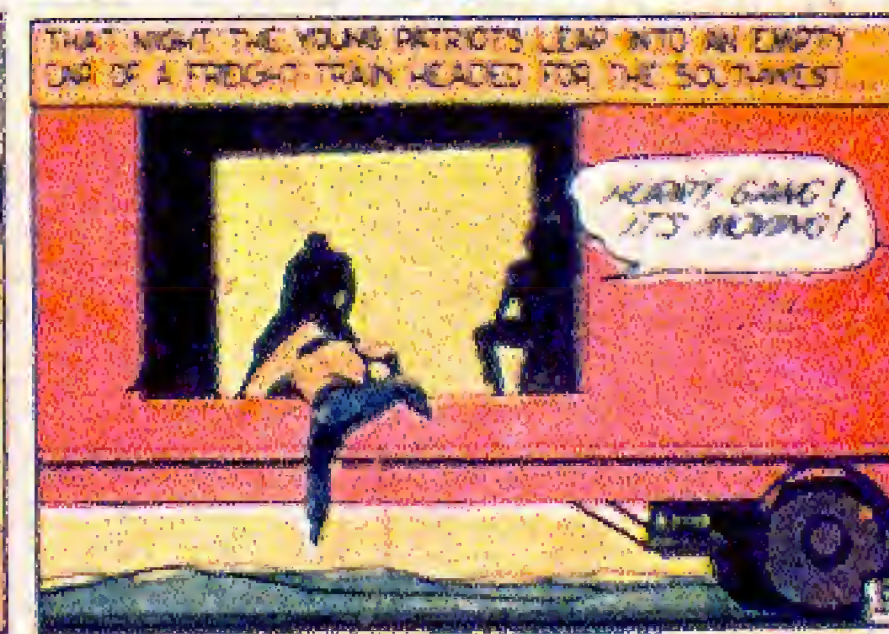
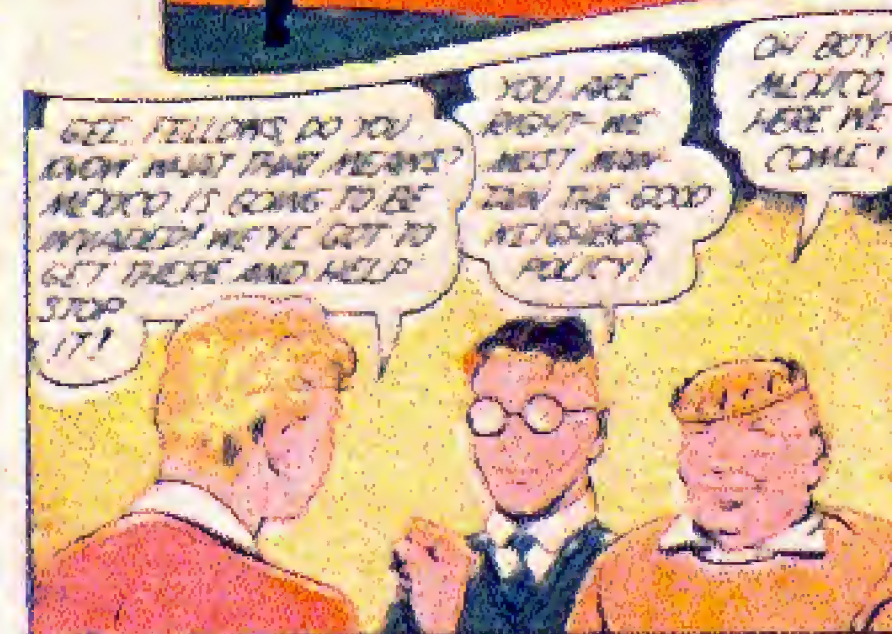
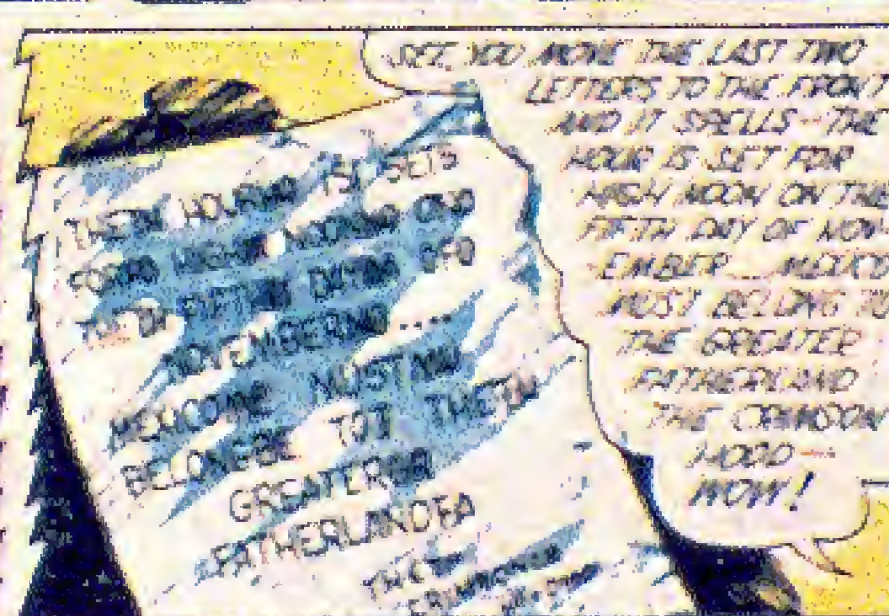
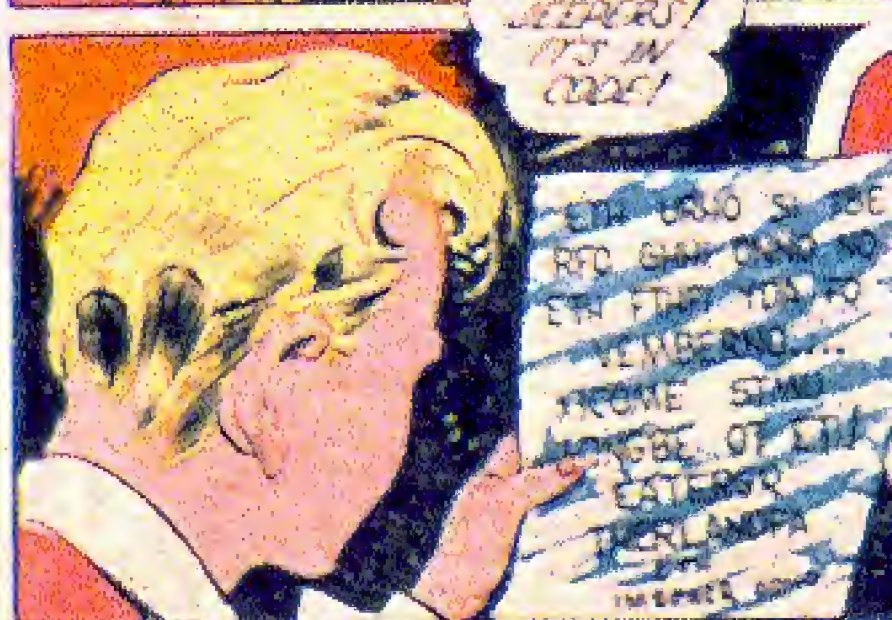
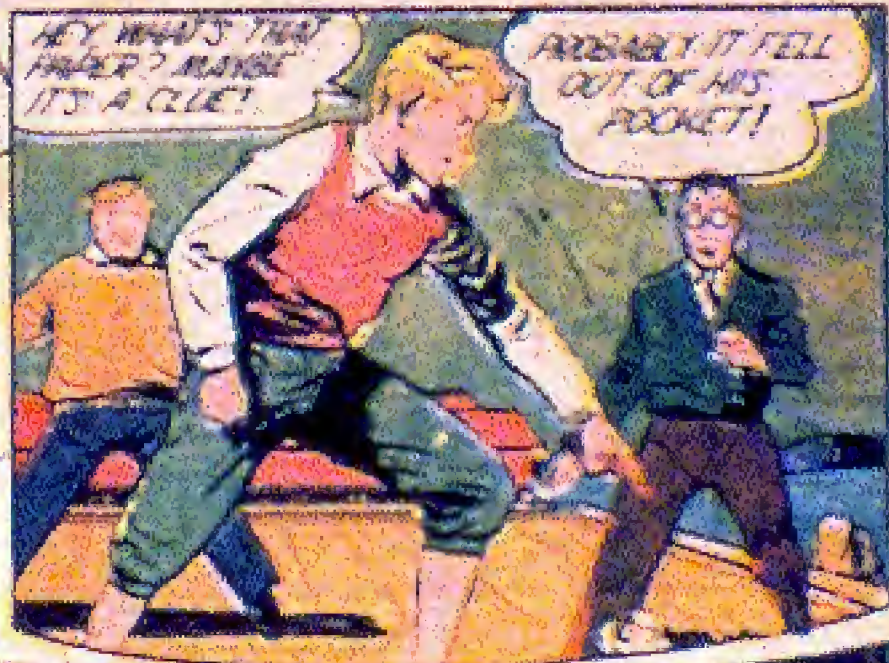


UGH!

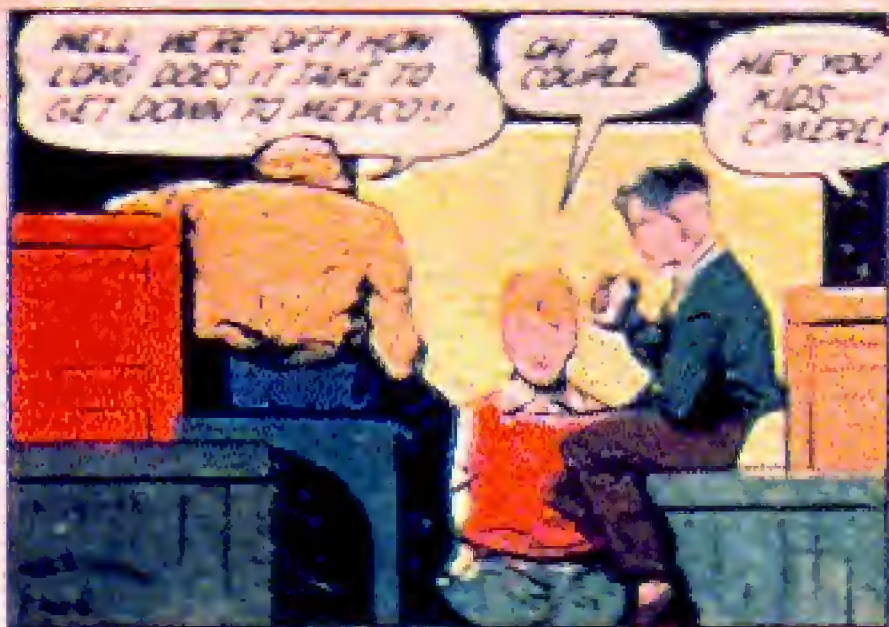


BILL'S EYE FLASHES ON 'BOY' OR 'BOY'!





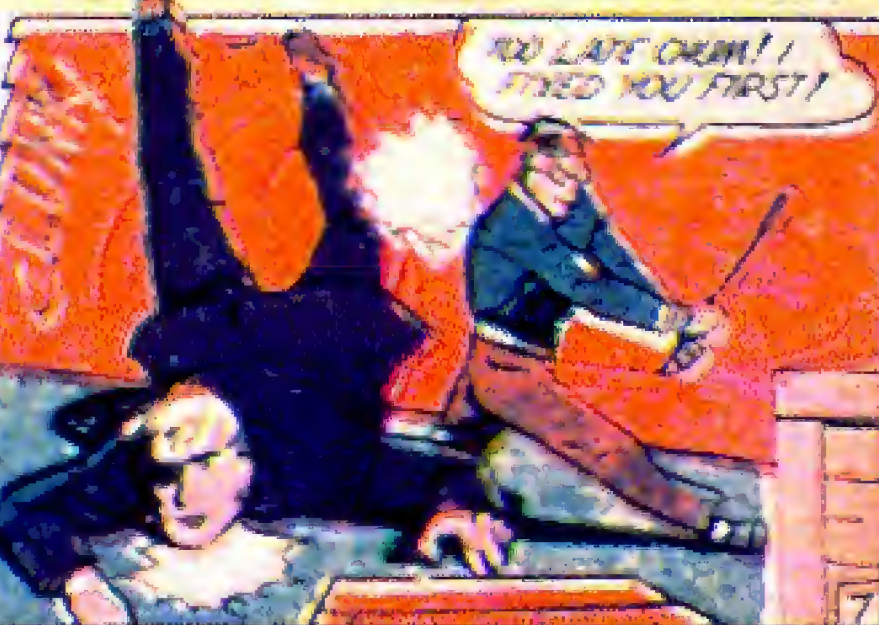




SUDDENLY THREE MORE TRAMPS SWING DOWN INTO THE FREIGHT CAR...











FEED IT TO EM' BOYS  
THESE TRAMPS CAN'T  
TAKE IT!

OOF!



THE NEWCOMER IS RIGHT! THE FIGHTING KIDS ARE  
TOO MUCH FOR THEIR CONWARDLY NATURES SO THE  
TRAMPS BREAK AND RUN---



GEE YOU WERE GREAT!  
YOU SAVED OUR NECKS -  
HOW IN HECK DID YOU  
HAPPEN TO  
BE ON THIS  
TRAIN!

I WAS TAILING THOSE  
BIRDS FROM NEW YORK.  
WE HAVE REASON TO  
BELIEVE THEY'RE  
NAZI SPIES!

MY NAME IS RUSTY! I  
WORK WITH THE FLAG-MAN!  
HE'S DOING UNDERCOVER WORK  
FOR THE GOVERNMENT AND I'M  
HANDLING THIS ANGLE OF THE  
CASE FOR  
HIM!

GEE, I WISH YOU COULD COME  
WITH US! WE'RE GOING TO  
MEXICO TO STOP AN INVASION  
PLOT! WE HOPE, WE HOPE!

SURE I'M WITH YOU  
A HUNDRED PERCENT!



MEXICO! HERE  
WE COME!

YIPPEEE!!!

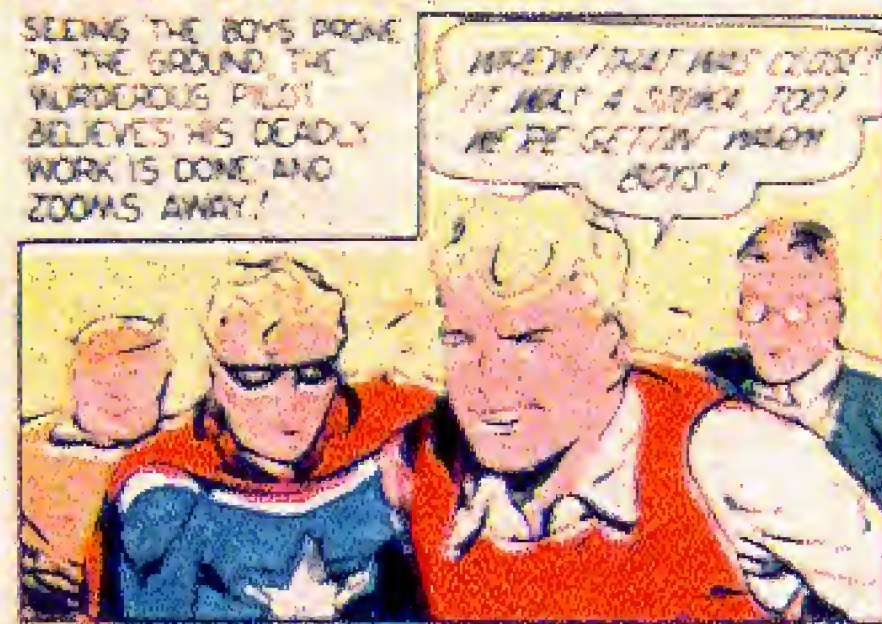
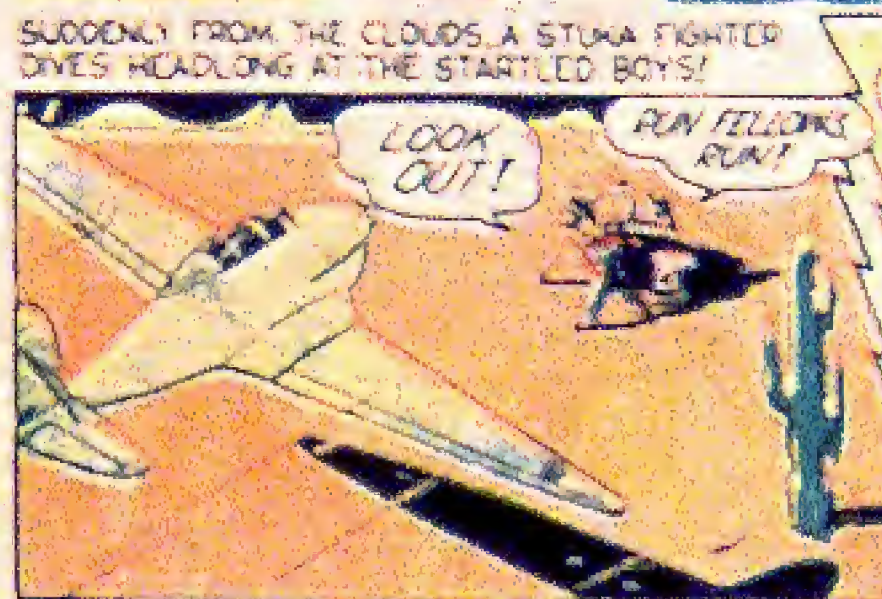
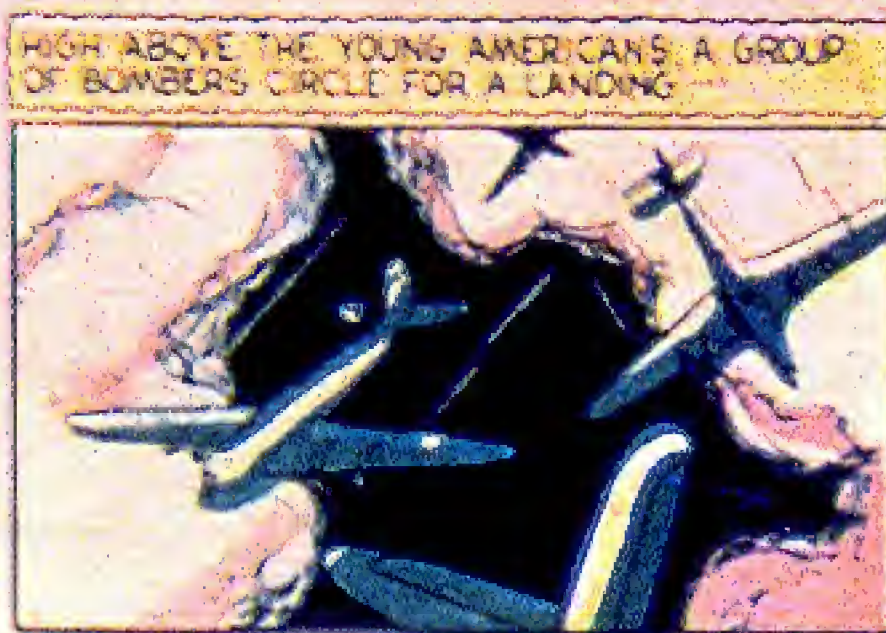
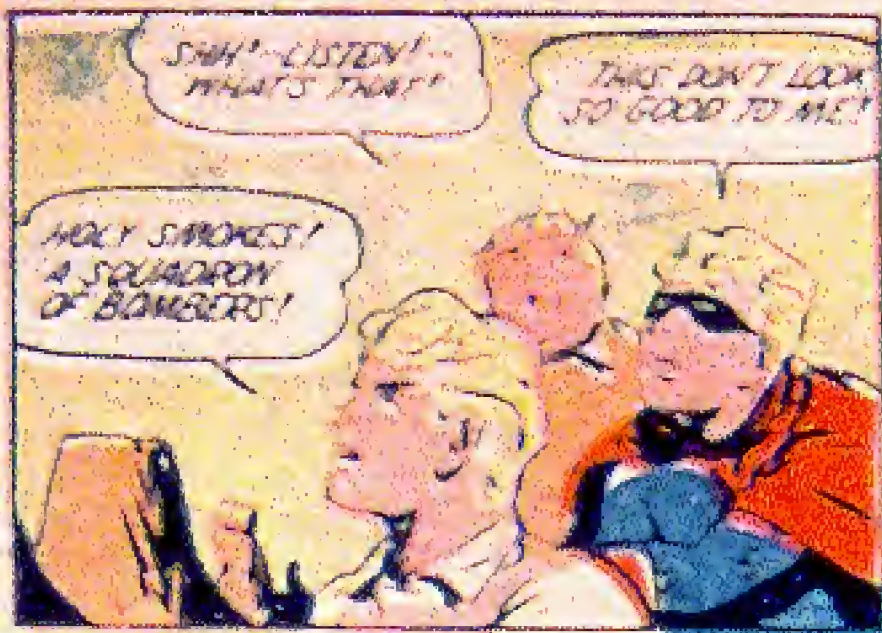
A WEEK  
LATER IN THE  
BADLANDS OF  
OLD MEXICO



WELL, HERE WE  
ARE FELLOWS!

YEAH AND LUCKY MY  
GOVERNMENT CREDENTIALS  
GOT US PASSES INTO THIS  
COUNTRY!







LINED UP ON THE FIELD BELOW THEM ARE MESSERSCHWITTS, STUKAS AND GIANT MEINKELS!



BY GOLLY, THIS MUST BE THE PLACE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

YOU ARE RIGHT—THIS IS THE PLACE YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AND IT'S TOO BAD YOU FOUND IT!

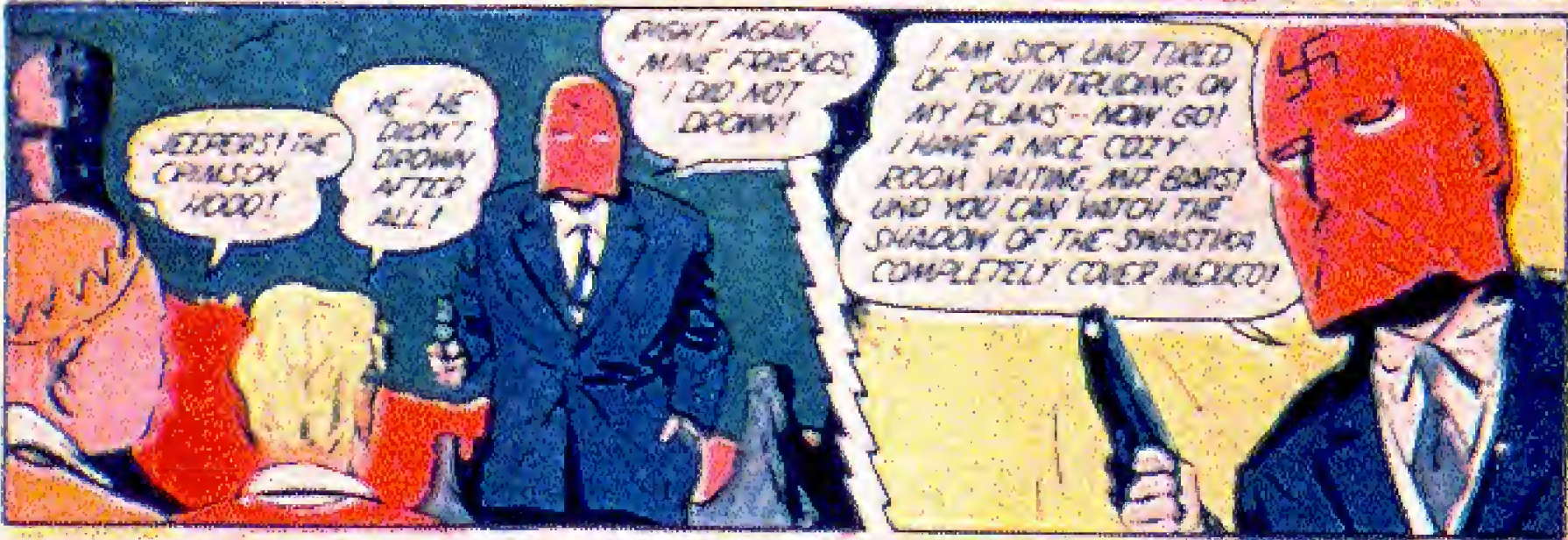


JEEPERS! THE CRIMSON HOOD!

HE—HE DIDN'T DROWN AFTER ALL!

RIGHT AGAIN, MY FRIENDS, I DID NOT DROWN!

I AM SICK AND TIRED OF YOU INTRUDING ON MY PLANS—NOW GO! I HAVE A NICE COZY ROOM WAITING, BUT BARS! AND YOU CAN WATCH THE SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA COMPLETELY COVER INDEXED!



THE YOUNG AMERICANS ARE FORCED TO MARCH TO A DARK DUNGEON DEEP BELOW THE SECRET NAZI AIRPORT...

DON'T VILL KEEP YOU OUT OF MINE WAY UNTIL I DECIDE NOT TO DO WITH YOU!



NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! HOW THE DICKENS ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE?

TAKE IT EASY, FELLOWS, I'VE GOT A CUTE LITTLE TRICK THE DEACON TAUGHT ME—JUST WAIT!



THAT NIGHT, MICKEY PRODUCES A SMALL PIECE OF WIRE AND WORKS SWIFTLY ON THE LOCK...

GEE, THAT WERE SLICK, MICKEY! YOU'RE A WIZ AT PICKING LOCKS!

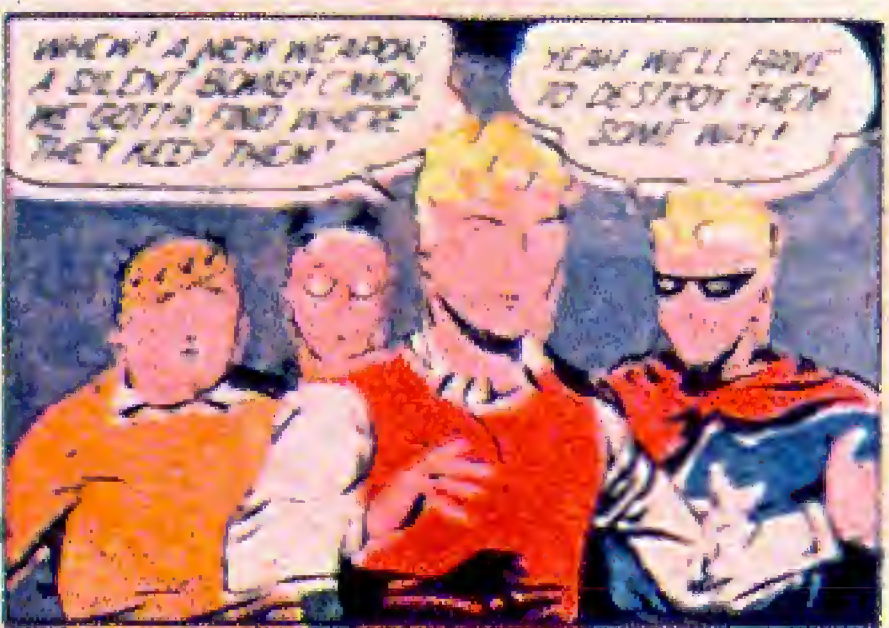
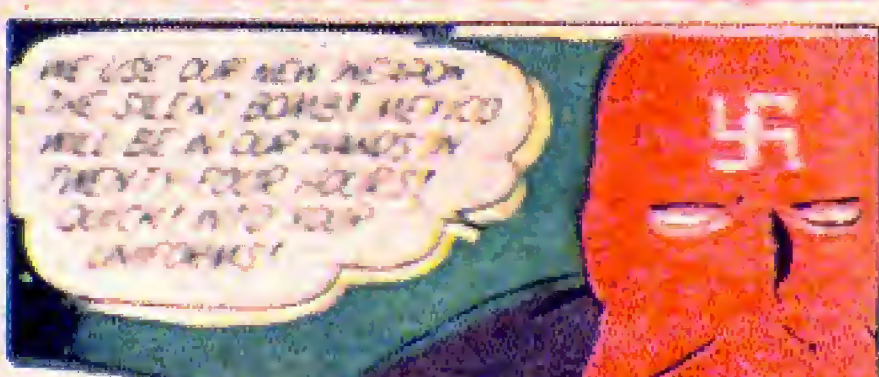


THANKS, RUSTY—...QUIET NOW, NOT SO MUCH NOISE—OH—OH—





PASSING A PARTLY OPENED WINDOW, MICKEY LISTENS IN ON A CONVERSATION...





IN BACK OF ARSENAL  
GUARDS CLIMB TO ROOF!



...DIRECTLY ABOVE THE GUARDS... HE LEAPS!



OKAY, FELLOWS,  
COME AND  
GET EM!



YIPPEEE!



NICE GOIN'! I GOT  
THIS KEY FROM  
ONE OF THEM!

PEANUTS, STAY  
HERE AND  
KEEP AN  
EYE ON EM!



DON'T WORRY, THEY  
WENT WAKE UP--  
I JUST KEEPS  
GIVIN' DEM A  
TREATMENT LIKE  
DIS, SEE?



INSIDE THE ARSENAL:

THAT'S THEM-- THE  
SILENT BOMBS!  
THEY LOOK JUST  
LIKE ANY OTHERS.



HOLY SMOKES,  
FELLOWS, THEY  
ONLY WEIGH  
ABOUT TEN  
POUNDS!

GOOD GOSH,  
M. BUCKEY!  
O-O-DON'T  
DROP IT!



SAY I'VE GOT AN IDEA!  
THESE BOMBS ARE SO  
LIGHT EVEN WE CAN  
CARRY THEM-- HAVE  
I GOT AN IDEA!

I THINK I KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE UP  
TO, BUCKEY!



FAR INTO THE NIGHT SILENTLY THE YOUNG AMERICANS  
SLIP BACK AND FORTH TO THE ARSENAL CARRYING THE  
NEW WEAPONS TO THE TOP OF THE HILLS OVERLOOKING  
THE ARSONAL...

THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH  
OF THEIR SPOTTING NOW  
WE'LL WAIT UNTIL  
DARK IS  
READY!



LUCKY PEANUTS  
TIED AND GAGGED  
THOSE GUARDS  
SO WE  
COULD  
HELP NOW!

ALSO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY...

THIS IS THE LAST  
OF THEM PEANUTS

BOY DIS IS GOIN'  
TO BE FUN WE'LL  
GIVE DEM NAZIS  
A TASTE OF THEIR  
OWN MEDICINE



MEANWHILE DOWN BELOW THE  
NAZIS SUDDENLY DISCOVER  
THEIR LOSS...



WHIRLE'S DICK KIDS  
HAVE ESCAPED AND  
NONE BUT  
LEAD BOMBS  
IS LEFT!

YOU FOOLS! FIND  
THEM! BRING  
THEM BACK!  
I'LL HAVE  
THEIR HEADS  
FOR THIS!



BUT ON THE  
HILLS ABOVE  
MICKEY  
WHISTLES  
SHRILLY!

O.K. SPOT!  
LET'S GO  
THROW  
HARD AND  
FAST!



RIGHT  
MICKEY  
HERE THEY  
GO!

RUSTY AND  
PEANUTS  
FOLLOW  
MICKEY'S  
SIGNAL

DIS IS GOIN'  
TO BEAT THE  
FOURTH OF  
JULY!

HERE EN  
PEANUTS AND  
DON'T MISS!



EARTHWARD THE FANTASTIC  
BOMBS SCREAM IN RAPID  
SUCCESSION--A BLINDING  
FLASH FOLLOWS--A MUFFLED  
RUMBLE OF CRUMBLING  
EARTH AND BUILDINGS--  
THEN SILENCE...







DOOMERHETTER! YE ARE DOOMED! ALL OUR WORK RUINED - DOSE YANKEE DEVILS. SOMETHING I'LL GET THEM!



AS THE ROAD OF THE WORLD SIGNS EDGE UP AND DOWN THE VALLEY THE YOUNG AMERICANS CONTINUE TO HURL BOMBS AFTER BOMBS AT THE SHAMBLES OF THE NAZI AIRPORT!

AND AS DAWN APPEARS IN THE EASTERN SKY, IT REVEALS A TWISTED MASS OF SMOLDERING RUINS!



LATER WHEN THE YOUNG AMERICANS UNITE:



WELL, FELLOWS THAT DID THE TRICK! I DON'T THINK THOSE SOES WILL ATTEMPT ANOTHER STUNT LIKE THAT IN A HURRY!

YEP! THE CRIMSON HOOB IS FINISHED. HE'LL NEVER BE BOTHERED WITH HIM AGAIN!

SUDDENLY A MEXICAN PATROL PLANE DIPS OUT OF THE SKY



HEY! --- A MEXICAN PLANE, LOOK!

QUICKLY THE PLANE LANDS NEARBY. THE BOYS RUSH TO MEET IT AND HURRIEDLY EXPLAIN WHAT HAS HAPPENED



BOYS, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT - WE CAN NEVER REPAY YOU! YOUR HEROIC DEED WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS OF OUR PEOPLE! MEXICO SALUTES YOU!

A FEW DAYS LATER AT A PRINCIPAL AIR PORT THOUSANDS OF GRATEFUL MEXICANS TURN OUT TO CHEER THE YOUNG AMERICANS AS THEY BOARD A PLANE FOR HOME...



...AND AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF

WELL, SO LONG READERS, WE'LL BE SEEING YOU LATER ON IN THE BOOK. BOY WILL THE DEATH AND THE FLAG-MAN GET A KICK OUT OF US. DON'T THIS JOB ALL BY OURSELVES, AND IF WE DO SAY IT IT WAS A NEAT TRICK!



WATCH FOR RUSTY MICKEY, SPEC AND PEANUTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF AERO COMICS AND ALSO TO BE FEATURED IN THE ALL NEW KID KOMICS! THE GREATEST OF ALL ADVENTURE STORIES TO BE ON THE NEWSSTANDS SHORTLY!

WATCH FOR A KID KOMICS



# SOLAR

MASTER  
OF  
MAGIC

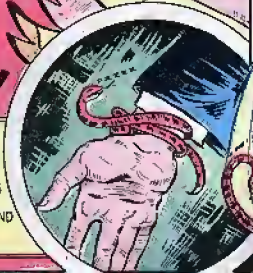
BY SAUL  
ROSEN



SOLAR, THE  
FAMOUS MAN OF  
MYSTERY AND  
MASTER OF  
MAGIC PITS THE WIZARDRY  
OF THE AGES AGAINST THE  
FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL...

## THE CASE of the VANISHING DANCERS!

THIS STORY OPENS IN A  
WELL-KNOWN NIGHT CLUB  
JUST OFF TIMES SQUARE...  
THE USUAL GAIETY OF  
NIGHT LIFE IS IN PROGRESS  
WHEN SUDDENLY A SMALL  
GARTER SNAKE APPEARS AND  
CURLS ITSELF AROUND A  
MAN'S WRIST!





WHY, TONY? SUCH A NICE WREST MATCH—YOU COULD HAVE BROKEN IT!

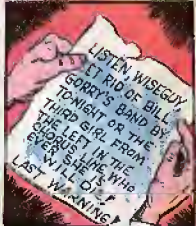
OH, HELLO MISS ANDREWS, AND YOU SOLAR—UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH? COME INTO MY OFFICE—I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!



IN THE OFFICE OF TONY RANDO, OWNER OF THE NIGHT CLUB:

THANKS FOR OFFERING ME THAT JOB IN YOUR FLOOD SHOW TONY, BUT AFTER ALL, I'M ONLY AN AMATEUR MAGICIAN. YOU HAVE A SWEET SHOW WITH THE MOST POPULAR BAND IN THE COUNTRY—WHY WANE ME SPOIL IT?

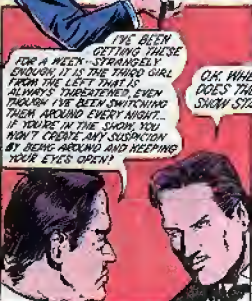
IT'S NOT THAT, SOLAR, I'M IN TROUBLE—READ THIS!



LISTEN, WISEGUY, GET RID OF BILL GORRY'S BAND BY TONIGHT OR THE THIRD GIRL FROM THE LEFT IN THE CLOUS LINE WHO EVER SHE IS, WHO LAST WARNING!

BILL GORRY, THE POPULAR BAND LEADER, INTRODUCES THE NEXT ACT:

ARE YOU HAVING A SWEET TIME, FOLKS? WELL, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET! WE PRESENT THE MASTER MAGKMAN OF ALL TIME—THE GREAT, THE STUPENDOUS, ONE AND ONLY—SOLAR—SLAP THOSE PALMS!



I'VE BEEN GETTING THESE FOR A WEEK—STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT IS THE THIRD GIRL FROM THE LEFT THAT IS ALWAYS THREATENED, EVEN THOUGH I'VE BEEN SWITCHING THEM AROUND EVERY NIGHT... IF YOU'RE IN THE SHOW, YOU HON'T CREATE ANY SUSPICION BY BEING AROUND AND KEEPING YOUR EYES OPEN!

OK, WHEN DOES THE SHOW START?



IN FIVE MINUTES!

WATCH SOLAR WOW EM!



F-FOLKS, I'M SORRY... I FORGOT IN MY TOWELS!



WHY YOU, MAKING ME LOOK FOOLISH, EH? BEAT IT!

S-SURE MR G-GORRY!

HA'HA' HA'HA' HA'HA'

HE MUST BE A PLUMBER!

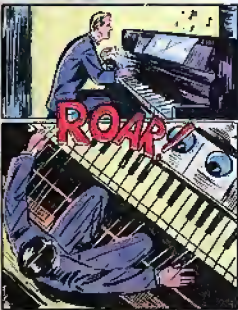
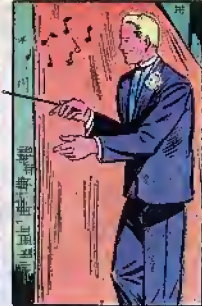


GOSH, SOLAR, WHAT HAPPENED?

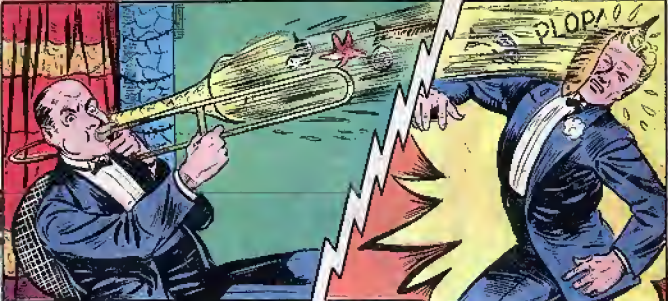
I GUESS I DIDN'T DO SO HOT!



SORRY FOLKS, PLEASE ACCEPT  
MY HUMBLE APOLOGIES. INSTEAD  
WE PRESENT OUR OWN VERSION  
OF "THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE"  
HEH, HEH... GET IT?







HEH, HEH, FOLKS--WHAT DID I TELL YOU--ISN'T HE GREAT?



WELL LINDA, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED SO FAR--I GUESS IT WAS JUST A FALSE ALARM!

STILL--I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN JUDY'S SHOES!



LATER AFTER THE SHOW:

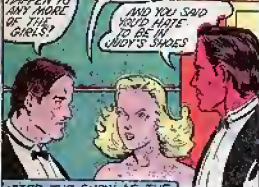


TONY I JUST GOT YOUR MESSAGE--WHAT'S WRONG!?

JUDY'S DISAPPEARED! SHE DIDN'T EVEN SHOW UP AT THE DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE SHOW. I JUST FOUND A NOTE THREATENING THE THIRD GUY ON THE LEFT IN TOMORROW NIGHT'S SHOW--I'M GIVING UP--I'M LETTING GOREY'S BAND GO!



I HAVE AN IRON CLAD CONTRACT WITH GARRY FOR THIRTY KISSAS AT A THOUSAND PER... I'LL HAVE TO SAY HIM OFF AND LOSE THE MOST POPULAR BAND TO DAY... IT'LL RUIN ME, BUT I CAN LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ANY MORE OF THE GIRLS!



MR. RANDO, I'LL TAKE JUDY'S PLACE... WITH PLENTY OF PRACTICE TO-MORROW, I'LL LEARN THE ROUTINE...!

AND YOU SAID YOU'D HATE TO BE IN JUDY'S SHOES

THE NEXT NIGHT SOLAR PERFORMS...



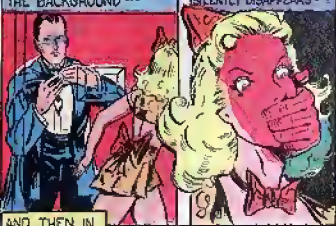
...AND LINDA DANCES:



AFTER THE SHOW AS THE GIRLS FILE OFF, SOLAR SLIPS ON HIS CAPE OF MYSTERY AND FADES INTO THE BACKGROUND ---

IN THE DEEP SHADOWED HALLWAY, A GLOVED HAND STIFLES LINDA'S CRY... SHE SILENTLY DISAPPEARS ---

SOLAR SLIDES INTO A SECRET PASSAGEWAY...



AND THEN IN A DIMLY LIT ROOM...

YOU LET ME GO, YOU BOUTE!

SORRY SISTER, I'M JUST WORKIN' FOR A LIVING... NOVA BE NICE WHILE WE TIE YOU UP!

LATER... THE MASKED LEADER ENTERS!

O.K. BOYS, WE'LL BUMP THESE DAMES OFF AND DELIVER THEM TO RANDO... SAY YOUR PRAYERS, JUDY!



NO! NO! NO! PLEASE!





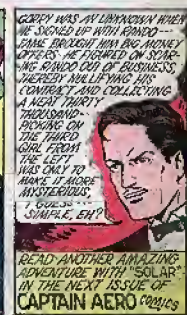
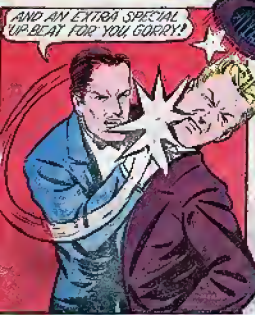
HE CAN BECOME A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS  
A HORNET SWOOPS UNDER THE LEADER'S  
HANDKERCHIEF...



FRANTICALLY HE RIPS THE  
HANDKERCHIEF AWAY TO REVEAL  
THE FACE OF BILL GORRY!



SOLAR DISCARDS HIS CAPE OF  
MYSTERY AND BECOMES  
VISIBLE!









# HERE THEY ARE!

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*The* **DEACON**

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FRIEND MICKEY  
HURRICANE HARRIGAN  
A COWBOY IN INDIA

*The* **PIED PIPER**  
AND THE PIPE OF DEATH

**BLAZE BAYLOR**

**DR. DIAMOND**  
AND THE UNUSUAL

**RAG-MAN**

AND OTHERS

GET CAT-MAN  
TODAY FOR  
THE THRILL  
OF THRILLS

OVER  
500

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!

**10¢**

ON SALE AT  
ALL NEWS  
STANDS

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